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CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

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A ROMAUNT BY LORD BYRON

CANTOS I. AND II.

EDITED WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION BY

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INTRODUCTION.

BEFORE reading the verse of a poet we often desire to know what manner of man he was: after a first reading this desire is frequently strengthened. Some poets have protested that the public ought not to desire to know their histories, that what they have published belongs to the world, but that the details of their lives do not. Their readers and admirers, however, have seldom respected this protest, especially in modern times, but crave still to know more and more about all great poets. Many readers indeed find literary history the most fascinating kind of reading. Even if in other cases this claim for privacy be allowed, it need not hold in the case of Byron, for Byron, so far from being among the poets that wish to keep their lives private and hidden, tried to interest his readers in his most intimate, domestic griefs. He never separated his poetry from his own private history. The critics have often pointed out that in his various poems he is generally himself the subject, though under various disguises.

The object of this Introduction is, first, to sketch the story of Byron's life, and to show the manner of man he was; secondly to give an account of *Childe Harold*; and

finally to set forth the nature and characteristics, the merits and defects, of Byron's poetry in general. But as it is of course impossible here to make a complete study of so large a mass of poetry, many of his poems are not even named.

LIFE.

George Gordon Byron was born in London on January 22nd, 1788. He is one of the long list of poets who by their birth have made England's capital the place in the world most prolific of poets. Here is a list of their names:—Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Milton, Herrick, Pope, Gray, Blake, Keats, Browning, D. G. Rossetti, W. Morris. Add to these the name of Byron, and no other town can show such a birth-roll of poets.

He came of a very old family. His own words are:—"My name . . . had been a knightly or noble one since my fathers helped to conquer the kingdom for William the Norman." An earlier origin still may be traced, as there was a "Burun" amongst those Northmen who, by settling in the lower valley of the Seine, gave Normandy its name. Byron tells us that he had ancestors who were Crusaders. At the Dissolution of the Monasteries by Henry VIII., Newstead Abbey in Nottinghamshire was conferred upon a Byron. In the Civil Wars the Byrons were strong royalists. Seven brothers of the name fought on the king's side at the indecisive battle of Edgehill, and four of them fell on the more fatal field of Marston Moor. By Charles I. the first Lord Byron was rewarded with a peerage.

Early in the eighteenth century the fourth Lord Byron

married a lady of the house of Berkeley, and it would seem as if an adventurous, almost a wild strain, were thus imported into the Byron family. The fifth Lord Byron, the poet's great uncle, had the unpleasant nickname of "the wicked lord." He was undoubtedly most eccentric; once he was tried for murder, and escaped through a privilege of his order. In a room lighted only by a single candle and without witnesses he had fought a duel with a neighbour, and killed his man. At Newstead he had lived a lonely life, shunned by every one, and amusing himself like a child. When he died he was succeeded by the poet, aged ten.

The wicked lord's brother, the Hon. John Byron, was a gallant sailor. As a midshipman he had sailed in Anson's squadron that in 1740 was sent on a voyage into the Pacific. His ship, the "Wager," was wrecked on the coast of Chili; escaping, he went through various hardships, described by him in a *Narrative* not published until many years later. The poet took hints for a shipwreck in *Don Juan* from his "grand-dad's narrative." The Hon. John Byron rose to the rank of admiral; but his best known service was a voyage into the Pacific, where he was a predecessor of Cook, though it is doubtful whether he was "cut out" for an explorer. He was not gifted with the patience of Cook, and the results achieved by his voyage were inconsiderable. Though his manners were pleasant, sailors did not like to ship with him on account of his bad luck. Amongst them he was known as "Foul-weather Jack."

Admiral Byron had two sons, of whom the elder was a handsome, fascinating but unprincipled man, known about town as "Mad Jack Byron," who married twice.

His second wife, the poet's mother, was a Miss Gordon. She was of good family, and had the blood of the Stuarts in her veins; but she was not well educated, and she was afflicted with a shocking bad temper. Her husband wasted her money, which at best hardly amounted to a fortune, and then deserted her. The poet was born in lodgings in London, but the years of his childhood were spent in poverty in Aberdeen. Unfortunately he was born with a slight malformation that has often been misdescribed. The tendon Achilles of each foot was so contracted that he could not set the heel to the ground, but was obliged to walk on the ball of the foot and the toes. The most skilful advice of the day was obtained, but it was not skilfully carried out, and Byron was never able to run like other boys, nor to walk like other men.

At the age of three the poet lost his father: at six, through the death of a cousin, he became heir to the peerage, and he succeeded to it at the age of ten.

It may be truly said that the young Byron was "spoilt" by his mother. At times she would overwhelm him with tenderness: this is the conventional sense of "spoiling." Then she would burst out into fierce and violent abuse of him, even taunting the poor child with lameness. "I was born so, mother," he replied: and he has introduced the taunt and the reply into one of his plays. This method of treating the child the unwise mother continued towards the growing boy. Violent scenes took place between them, the measure of their violence being the story that, after one such scene, mother and son each visited the neighbouring druggist to warn him not to furnish the other with the means for suicide.

By origin Byron was half a Scotchman. Amongst the mountains of his mother's country, "land of the mountain and the flood," he first imbibed his love of wild natural scenery. In later years he was sometimes vexed if people thought him Scotch, but his own humorous account remained true:

"I scotch'd, not kill'd, the Scotchman in my blood."

The poet's earliest training may be said to have been given him by a Scotch nurse, a rigid Calvinist, who gave him that affection for the Old Testament which appears in part of his poetry, such, for instance, as the *Hebrew Melodies*. Byron was quite a little boy, only five, when he went to a grammar school in Aberdeen. Afterwards he was for a while at a school in Dulwich, where his mother injudiciously interfered with his schooling. Byron's most famous school was the great public school of Harrow. For a while he was profoundly miserable there, but during the last year and a half, having become a leader in the school, he was exceedingly happy. "I was not a slow, though an idle boy; and I believe no one could, or can be, more attached to Harrow than I have always been, and with reason;—a part of the time passed there as the happiest of my life." For Dr. Drury, the headmaster, he felt a warm affection and admiration: when in *Childe Harold*[1] he attacked the premature study of Horace, he added a note to soften the attack into one on methods of teaching rather than on the study of the classics altogether, and in this note he especially praised Drury. There is still shown in the churchyard on Harrow Hill a tomb-

[1] IV. lxxv.-lxxvii.

stone, said to have been the favourite seat of the poet when meditating and composing. It has needed to be guarded by an iron cage from the poet's admirers, who were carrying it away piecemeal. It may here be mentioned that at one time Byron thought of calling his poem "Childe of Harrow." Out of this name grew that which he ultimately adopted, *Childe Harold.*

From Harrow he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge. The studies of the place did not attract him, but he read widely, especially poetry and French. He enjoyed the free life of the University thoroughly, and made some close friends. There, as at Harrow, he wrote verses, and soon published a little volume, to which he gave the name and title, "Hours of Idleness, by Lord Byron, a Minor." It is uncertain whether the last word was added from pride or to deprecate criticism. If it was the latter, it had the opposite effect. A violent, contemptuous, hostile article appeared in the *Edinburgh Review.* The following are perhaps the most striking lines in the book of poems; they are surely pathetic enough to have disarmed his critic:

> "Weary of love, of life, devoured with spleen,
> I rest a perfect Timon, not nineteen."

Byron was not inclined to accept hostile criticism, and for revenge he prepared a satire in the style of Pope, wherein he attacked much in addition to his assailant. Almost all contemporary poets were attacked in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* The success of the biting lines was immediate, and though in later years Byron would gladly have suppressed the poem, he found that course quite impossible.

It was said of old that poets belong to a "*genus irritabile.*" Whether the remark be true of all or not, it is certainly true of Byron. The remark made about Rousseau that he lacked a skin may almost be applied to Byron, who was naturally vain and sensitive, being so sorely vexed about his slight lameness and its results that he fancied everyone was noticing it. He was emotional, as is not unnatural with a poet. When quite a child he fell seriously in love, and during boyhood repeated the precocious experience. At eight, at twelve, at sixteen he felt the usual symptoms of the passion. He wore his heart upon his sleeve, and the daws pecked at it. Anxious to be talked about, he yet writhed under criticism dealing with his poems, or under rumour dealing with his life. It was not in his nature to

> "Let the turbid stream of rumour flow
> Through either babbling world of high and low."

When he was twenty-one he took his seat in the House of Lords, but he was deeply dissatisfied with the chilling character of his reception, and he left England a few days later on a prolonged continental tour that lasted a couple of years. He visited the Peninsula, where the British armies were engaged in driving Napoleon out of Spain. Thence Byron went on to Greece and Albania. These parts of his journey are poetically described in the first two cantos of *Childe Harold.* Next he travelled to Smyrna, the Troad, and Constantinople, but this latter part of his tour finds no place in this poem, though at one time it was apparently the author's intention to include it. Of the visit to Constantinople great use was made in *Don Juan.*

The story is told that Byron returned from his travels

with the manuscript of two books. One, called *Hints from Horace*, something in the style of *English Bards*, he wished to send at once to the printer; it was not published until after the poet's death, and has never been admired. The other he did not value, and he told a friend that he did not think of printing sundry verses dealing with his travels, written in the Spenserian stanza. He allowed, however, his friend to peruse them, and on his urgent advice they were put into shape and published. The result was, as he put it himself: "I awoke one morning, and found myself famous," for these Spenserian stanzas were the first two cantos of *Childe Harold.*

The dazzling success of the first part of *Childe Harold* made Byron something for which he has himself given a name—"the comet of a season." Byron was a comet of three. London Society is always seeking out a new celebrity, and cares little what has made the fame. Now it is a traveller, now a warrior, now a distinguished sailor, now a cricketer, now the author of a book, a man of science, or a poet. But seldom has the admiration of London Society for any man been carried further than in the case of Byron. The admiration was perhaps uncritical, and its effect was to cause Byron to pour forth poems written each in a very short time, and rather to boast of the rapidity with which he wrote; but though more pains would have made them better, the excellence of these poems is surprising. They were mostly romantic tales of the East or of Greece, the most important being the *Giaour* and the *Corsair*, written in the style of Sir Walter Scott, and in what the latter called "a light horseman sort of stanza."

Scott, though Byron had attacked him violently, was too manly to resent it; he acknowledged Byron's excellence, and was on most friendly terms with him. Scott paid Byron the compliment of saying that his reason for abandoning poetry was "Byron beat me." Of Moore also it may be said that, attacked by Byron, he later became his staunch friend: afterwards he was his biographer. These three poets, it may be noted, represent the three kingdoms.

In the early part of 1815, the Waterloo year, Byron married Miss Isabella Milbanke, something of an heiress, and endowed with a stately and dignified beauty; but she was not suited to be Byron's wife. An excellent woman of a somewhat stern type, she was not in the least able to turn a blind eye on the poet's failings, nor was she wholly inclined to sympathize with his poetry. After a year of married life, and a little after the birth of their only child Ada, Lady Byron left her home, and wrote to her husband that she would not return to him. At the time she believed him mad; when it was proved that he was sane, she thought his conduct all the worse. A mystery has always hung over this story, but it can probably be explained as to the main points on the simple ground of complete incompatibility. "Any woman could manage My Lord, except My Lady," said his valet. This, however, may be doubted, and perhaps the truer estimate is that of the writer who said, "Only one woman in a thousand could have managed Byron, hardly more." At the time the whole British public sided with the wife, and Byron was overwhelmed with such a storm of unpopularity that he left England. He wrote of it later: "I was accused of every monstrous

vice by public rumour and private rancour; my name, which had been a knightly or noble one since my fathers helped to conquer the kingdom for William the Norman, was tainted. I felt that if what was whispered and muttered and murmured was true, I was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for me." Macaulay in a well-known passage has scoffed at the outburst of indignation against Byron. Mixed with baser elements, there were two separable voices in that indignation, honest anger at his conduct, and irritation against his heterodoxy. Many from the very first had condemned Byron's tone about religion, but in the first admiration of his poetry their still, small voice had hardly been heard; when, however, misconduct seemed added to his light speaking, the condemnation became widespread.

The effect on the poet was manifold, and partly good. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and Byron certainly became a greater poet. The remarkable advance that can be traced between the earlier and the later Cantos of *Childe Harold* testify to this growth. Byron, as has been already said, puts his own feelings into his poetry, and in these later Cantos there is much about his wrongs. He seems to have persuaded himself that, as far as his wife was concerned, he was more sinned against than sinning. Even his power of self-persuasion can hardly have carried him further than that. No doubt his wife's attitude and her determination to keep aloof from him increased that state of feeling in him which after this its most illustrious example has been called "Byronism." Byronism is a constant profession of cynical contempt for the world, together with an abnormal concern for the world's opinion. It holds as much as ever Hamlet did,

that "the time is out of joint," probably holding that no time was ever anything else. The man avers that he was "born to set it right," but that a cruel concurrence of the fates will not allow him to perform his proper work. Long before he had ever seen Lady Byron, the poet described himself as a youthful Timon. Now Timon was a misanthrope, a hater of his kind. Why should a young man with the world before him, with rank, high birth, talent, and moderate wealth, describe himself as hating mankind? The reason was partly that he could not take his share in the ordinary sports of his age. His enthusiasm for swimming, in which the deformity in his feet did not hinder him, shows that if it had not been for those feet Byron might have excelled in manly sports, and then perhaps he would not have been "devoured with spleen." He hated others because he thought they were jeering at him, when really they were envying him. Convinced they were envying, he hated them for that. The stream of flattery and admiration, though it pleased, also disgusted him. The change to condemnation irritated him beyond measure. He repaid scorn with scorn, and thought the British public was concerning itself with his affairs far more than it really was.

Byron, especially in the days of his triumph, was famous for an extraordinary fascination and beauty, the influence of which was not confined to women: it was felt likewise by men. It should be added that his appearance was not entirely due to nature, but was partly due to studied abstinence. His was a cultivated beauty. By nature he had a tendency to be stout, and when he was a boy, he was actually fat, not to say gross

in appearance. This shocked his vanity, and it is not going too far to say that afterwards he actually starved himself in order to conquer this tendency of body, and that not once nor twice, but continuously. Starving cannot be natural for any one, and Byron had recourse to drugs such as laudanum to kill the cravings of his stomach,—a dangerous expedient. But for his rigorous and enforced abstinence Byron reaped a rich reward in the delicacy imparted to his features, giving him the ideal appearance for a poet. He was not so much a handsome man, as that his face had the beauty and the delicate features of a fair woman.

His inability to take ordinary exercise prevented him from keeping his body in subjection in the ordinary ways. Even in such exercise as he did take, he was perforce peculiar. In the fashionable art of boxing, for instance, his method of fighting was his own. He had great strength of arm, and he knew that he could not stand long: he would therefore at once make a rush at his antagonist. His bodily defect made him over-sensitive, and much in Byron's character is due to the unfortunate trouble with his feet. Yet his admirers lost sight of all defects; and when Byron was the fashion, young men, the dandies of the day, used to imitate him even to the way of wearing the hair, of loosely tying the cravat, and leaving the collar unbuttoned.

When his wife parted from him, and the storm burst, Byron left England, as it turned out, for ever. He sometimes speaks as if that had been his intention, and as if he never desired to return to his country; but there are many passages in his letters which show not only that he wished, but that he was actually planning,

to return to England. As his former journey is described in the earlier Cantos of *Childe Harold*, so the later journey, together with the feelings of the poet, is depicted in the third and fourth. He travelled through Belgium, and visited the field of Waterloo within a year of the battle. Then the scenery of the Rhine attracted him, and by the banks of that river went south to Switzerland, where he dwelt for a while by the lake of Geneva. Here he enjoyed the society of his brother-poet, Shelley,—like himself an exile from England for warring against the conventionalities. Byron described Shelley as "the most companionable man under thirty." The influence of Shelley's nature-worship may be traced on Byron's poetry of that time. Later, Byron travelled in Italy, and took up his abode first in Venice, where he gave himself over to wild dissipation, as if to drown his better feelings, raging continually against society, which had, he averred, maltreated him. For some two years he lived at Ravenna under the influence of the Countess Guiccioli, in whose society he found for a while a *quasi* domestic happiness. Later he lived in various towns of Northern Italy. Again he saw much of Shelley. The boat from which Shelley was overset and drowned was named the "Don Juan." Byron, greatly affected, was present at the half-heathen ceremonies of the burning of Shelley's body on the beach of the Riviera. In less than two years Byron's own death followed at Missolonghi.

During all the Italian period of his life Byron wrote much poetry, finishing *Childe Harold*, composing *Don Juan*, and writing dramas full of splendid poetry, but unsuited for the stage. "Many people," said he,

"think my talent essentially undramatic, and I am not clear that they are not in the right." The dramatist should lose himself entirely in the characters that he presents, and he must pay attention to stage-craft. Byron does neither. The finest of his dramas is the earliest, *Manfred*, which has been called his witch-drama, and which owes not a little to parts of Goethe's *Faust*. It also shows the influence of Shelley, who introduced him to Faust. In his later plays Byron tried to bring back the classical drama, and to revive the laws of the unities. Doubtless this fact, combined with the poet's undramatic character, helps to explain their complete failure as plays. *Don Juan* is a remarkable poem. In point of moral tone there is a decided declension from *Childe Harold*, but it is intended to be full of mockery. It is indeed an extraordinary farrago. Much is intentional burlesque, but mixed with this are passages of tender beauty and of exquisite poetry. There is probably more sheer poetic power in *Don Juan* than in any other of Byron's poems, but it is very unequal.

In Byron's war against all that is conventional it was natural that he should take the Liberal side in politics. His share, however, in the strife of English political parties was very slight. He would not allow himself to join the Whigs, but was a Radical at a time when few so labelled themselves. He professed himself hostile to the House of Hanover, and, indeed, he called himself a Republican, though there are pages in his writings from which it is clear that he was scarcely a hearty supporter of democracy. In international politics he was disgusted with the line taken by his country in opposing Napoleon; and, though not quite always, he usually

poses as an admirer of Napoleon, and allows few opportunities to pass for attacking the Duke of Wellington. Byron is always in favour of the independence of nations, and always hostile to tyrants. These two feelings were combined in making him desire to see Greece freed from the Turks, and Italy not only free from Austrian domination, but united. Whilst he was living in North Italy he mixed himself up with Italian politics to such an extent as to draw on him the attention of the police. In Byron's day politics in Italy meant chiefly schemes for driving the Austrians out. Soon, however, there opened up for Byron a better prospect for distinction in action. In Greece there was a rising against the Turks. English sympathy for the Greeks took an active form. Money and men were sent. Byron volunteered to go to Greece himself.

No doubt the motives that led to this heroic final scene in Byron's life were mixed. Desiring to withdraw from certain associates in Italy, he cherished also a desire to win himself a name in some other way than as a writer,—the desire so common amongst literary men, who naturally despise their own calling as compared with active life. He wanted his former friends in England to hear of some glorious exploit that might remove unfavourable memories. It is probable that he did not expect to live long, and he would gladly die with the feeling expressed by another poet [1]:

> "In some good cause, not in mine own,
> To perish wept for, honoured, known,
> And like a warrior overthrown."

Moreover, from old classical associations and from his

[1] Tennyson, *The Two Voices.*

former visit he entertained a strong love for Greece, though not for many of the Greeks. One thing more. It was said that if the Greeks were victorious they would establish a monarchy, and it had been suggested to Byron that he himself, sprung of ancient lineage, endowed with splendid talents, and possessing wide-spread fame, might be selected to wear the crown; nor would he in such cases have refused to accept it.

It is quite certain that during the last year of his life Byron was casting the slough of his baser nature, and even becoming unselfish. Eye-witnesses speak of the tact and common-sense with which he dealt with the leaders of the insurrection, as well as the inspiring force with which he handled the men under his command. It seemed as if a new steadiness had been born in him. No one ever doubted his courage, but many had doubted his self-restraint, and his power of commanding others. In the time of difficulty these were forthcoming, and Byron seems to have been on the verge of a new and nobler kind of life just when he was called away from it altogether. Whilst Byron was preparing to render good service to the Greek cause, he was prevented by the abominable sanitary condition of Missolonghi, which brought on a fever of which he died on April 19, 1824.

Byron's body was not buried in Greece, but embalmed and brought to England. It was thought that, in spite of what he had said in his anger, a resting-place would be found for him among the great of his country in Westminster Abbey. The authorities, however, refused to admit him, and he lies in the family vault at Hucknall Torkard, in Nottinghamshire. The Dean of Westminster of the day has often been blamed for this

refusal. At a later date a committee to raise a memorial had a statue prepared by the eminent sculptor, Thorwaldsen. That also was offered to Westminster Abbey, and again there was a refusal. It now stands in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.[1] Byron's image is absent from Poets' Corner.

Mr. Finlay, the Historian of Modern Greece, had excellent opportunities of knowing Byron towards the close of the poet's life, and he gives the following critical estimate of him. "Both his character and his conduct presented unceasing contradictions. It seemed as if two different souls occupied his body alternately. One was feminine, and full of sympathy; the other masculine, and characterised by clear judgment, and by a rare power of presenting for consideration those facts only which were required for forming a decision. When one arrived the other departed. In company, his sympathetic soul was his tyrant. Alone, or with a single person, his masculine prudence displayed itself as his friend. No man could then arrange facts, investigate their causes, or examine their consequences, with more logical accuracy, or in a more practical spirit. Yet, in his most sagacious moment, the entrance of a third person would derange the order of his ideas—judgment fled, and sympathy, generally laughing, took its place. Hence he appeared in his conduct extremely capricious, while in his opinions he had really great firmness. He often, however, displayed a feminine turn for deception in trifles, while at the same time he possessed a feminine candour of soul, and a natural love of truth, which made

[1] A beautiful engraving of this statue is reproduced on the title-page of Matthew Arnold's *Selections from Byron.*

him often despise himself quite as much as he despised English fashionable society for what he called its brazen hypocrisy. He felt his want of self-command; and there can be no doubt that his strongest reason for withdrawing from society, and shunning public affairs, was the conviction of his inability to repress the sympathies which were in opposition to his judgment."[1]

CHILDE HAROLD.

Childe Harold is the poem by which Byron is the most likely to be remembered in days to come, though there are short poems that possess greater beauty, pathos, and force than *Childe Harold* as a whole. It might also be contended that Byron's real strength lies in satire. But for a long and non-satirical poem it is probable that the *Childe* will generally be considered the best. It was therefore with justice that Byron's much-loved sister chose it to represent his poetical work, when she caused it to be recorded on his tombstone that he was "the author of *Childe Harold*." In the poem there is very little plot or story, for the only plan is the order of the places visited in the so-called "Pilgrimage." This absence of a plan suited Byron's temperament, as it enabled him to treat what subjects he pleased, and in what manner he pleased.

The poem is full of the poet's self, more especially in the latter part. But he denied that he was his own hero, and the denial may be accepted to the extent that some details of the early part of the poem, as, for

[1] *History of Greece*, vol. vi., p. 325.

instance, the unnecessary allusions to wild revelry recently abandoned by Harold, are not to be regarded as strict autobiography, though Byron's contemporaries insisted on so regarding them. But Harold went wherever Byron went, and nowhere else; he has Byron's views, thoughts, and tastes. The name that stood in the first draft was "Childe Burun," an old form of the poet's family name. The character of Harold is Byron's own character, with some of its traits exaggerated. It will be observed that he makes the Childe as unpopular as he fancied himself. "None did love him."[1] Poet and Pilgrim are not to be completely identified, and yet to identify them was natural. In his Introduction to the Fourth Canto, Byron at length dropped the veil, and, no longer pretending that he is different from Childe Harold, speaks in his own person. From the 55th stanza of the Third Canto to the 164th of the Fourth—a full third of the whole poem—the Childe is completely omitted, only returning to the scene in time for the general conclusion.

As might be expected with a poem of such an origin and history, changes manifest themselves in the course of its development. It began with an affectation of archaism, as if the adoption of Spenser's metre carried with it the necessity of employing Spenser's language. Ben Jonson indeed warns us that "Spenser writ no language," for Spenser himself affected archaism, and with all respect it may be added that neither Spenser nor Byron possessed the equipment for successfully imitating archaic language. Spenser, though greatly admiring Chaucer, and calling him "well of English

[1] I. ix. 5.

undefiled," did not really study his master's language. In the intervening century and a half English had changed quite as much as the language of Spenser's time had grown archaic in the two hundred and twenty years that separated Byron from him. The author of *Childe Harold* had made no study of Spenser's nor of any earlier English. He said himself that he could not read *The Faerie Queene*. Indeed it was not so much Spenser, as later imitators of Spenser, that served Byron as his model. Amongst these were Thomson in his *Castle of Indolence*, which he especially admired, and Beattie in his *Minstrel*,—books both greatly in vogue at the time when Byron was an impressionable boy. These imitators had also held the view that Spenser's metre must be accompanied at least by an attempt at Spenser's language. When Byron once freed himself from the trammels of this supposed necessity, his poem improved greatly. Every now and then he seems to hold it advisable to revert to these Old English expressions. Frequently he shows that he does not fully understand them. The prefix "y," as is well known, is the sign of a past participle, but Byron uses "yclad" as a preterite,[1] and he constructs the participle "ygazed," which is not used in Old English. Sometimes Byron shows a strange ignorance of the true meaning of old words. In the first edition of Canto II., line 5 of stanza 65 ran:

"But crimes, those ne'er forgotten crimes of ruth,"

from which it was evident that he did not know what "ruth" meant; just as from one of his letters it is

[1] II. liv. 4.

equally evident that he thought the verb "eschew" was merely a variant of "chew."

The very term "Childe" in the title is itself a slight archaism. Originally it is the same word as "child," but was used in the days of chivalry for an aspirant to knightly honours, too young to be admitted to them.

The dropping of the personality of Harold and the disuse of the archaic language are not the only changes introduced as the poem progressed. The description of a Londoner's Sunday or the personification of the Convention of Cintra as a little fiend crowned with foolscap would hardly have been inserted in the later Cantos. In his later work Byron keeps the satire out of the serious poems, but indulged his satiric bent fully and freely in poems wholly devoted to it.

The progress in the poetical quality of the later Cantos is quite remarkable. Through the circumstances of his personal history Byron's spirit is more fully roused, and perhaps the accession of poetry is partly attributable to his friendly intercourse with Shelley. One critic goes so far as to say that in opening the Third Canto we pass from rhetoric to poetry. Yet the earlier Cantos had at the time the higher reputation. The new element is the strength of sincerity.

A striking change in the versification should also be noticed. In the earlier Cantos each stanza stands metrically independent, as etymologically it should, for the word "stanza" means "stopping place." In the later part of the poem the sense frequently runs on from one stanza to another. This certainly gives a greater continuity and flow to the poetry, whilst it helps to avoid

monotony. The change may be compared to that which came over Shakspeare's versification, and to some extent over Tennyson's. A young poet is very careful of his vehicle; but when he has gained the freedom of his craft, he allows himself little liberties, which give a pleasant variety to his verse, remove stiffness, and speak of greater mental breadth and ease.

Byron's grammar is often singularly careless. Sir Walter Scott speaks of him as "managing his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality." This old use of the word "quality" is becoming obsolete, and it may be advisable to explain that it means "rank." Scott's defence, therefore, suggests the famous saying of Sigismund: "*Rex Romanus sum, et supra grammaticam.*" Of Byron's offences against grammar the most notorious is that (which so greatly irritated Mr. Browning) in the famous address to Ocean at the end of the poem, "There let him lay."[1] But quite as bad is "Thou who left."[2] A humourist lately maintained that "thou" and its kindred were no longer words of the English language. By all means let them be avoided, but if they are used, is it too much to ask that they be used grammatically? Byron wrote to his publisher complaining that this word "left" had been misprinted "lost," and that "lost" gave no meaning. With his mind thus directed to the lines, it is passing strange that he did not observe that he had written bad grammar.

Endowed with remarkable facility in writing verse, Byron is yet often as careless in his metre as in his grammar, and his finest passages are frequently marred

[1] IV. clxxx. 9. [2] IV. clvii.

by clumsy rhythm. Mr. Swinburne, who is a great master of metre, says of Byron that he has "a feeble and faulty sense of metre," and that "no poet of equal or inferior rank ever had so bad an ear." This is strong condemnation, and the ground for the complaint is that Byron did not take sufficient pains. Few passages in *Childe Harold* are so well known as the "Dying Gladiator," and yet two lines in one stanza of that cannot be scanned by any ordinary rules of prosody:

> "I see before me the Gladiator lie.
> Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now."

The old saying that the "poet is born, not made," is most applicable to Byron. He owes exceeding little to training, perhaps less than any great poet. His poetry came by a kind of inspiration. Once he wrote to his publisher that he was "like a tiger. If I miss my first spring, I go grumbling back to the jungle again." Some poets, on the other hand, are like Virgil, of whom it was said that he would write many verses in the morning and reduce them to a few by evening. Such poets polish and polish, and owe their success to art. In the perfect poet it would seem that both elements should be combined,—that the poet must have inspiration, as is implied in the term "a born poet," but that every poet also owes allegiance to his art, and that is what is implied in the "making" of a poet. Byron's poems have been shown to be disfigured by faulty metre, by careless construction, and even by bad grammar, yet the great merit of his poetry remains. It consists of the fire, the force, the passion, the strength. Side by side with the merit that all must allow, a critic

can set many a blemish; but the world has long ago forgiven the blemishes in consideration of the priceless value of so eminent a gift of song.

BYRON'S POSITION AMONG POETS.

Matthew Arnold, himself a poet of a quite different school, but a just and discriminating critic of poetry, even though somewhat hard to please, says of Byron that he was "the greatest elemental power in English literature since Shakspeare." Earlier he had put the same thought in striking verse, when in April, 1850, in some lines written on the death of Wordsworth, he compared the feelings roused by that news with the feeling inspired by the loss of Byron and of Goethe. In these lines the true admiration of Byron is summed up:

> "When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
> We bowed our head, and held our breath.
> He taught us little; but our soul
> Had felt him like the thunder's roll.
> With shivering heart the strife we saw
> Of passion with eternal law;
> And yet with reverential awe
> We watched the fount of fiery life,
> Which served for that Titanic strife."

Even now, though Byron has been in his grave for over seventy years, it is not easy to fix Byron's true place in the hierarchy of English poets. There have been perhaps more changes with respect to Byron than with respect to any other poet. At the time of his first fame enthusiasm for the new style placed him very high indeed, at the very summit of the English Parnassus.

He ventured even to call himself "the grand Napoleon of the realm of rhyme." This high estimate began to waver, when people were unable to separate the man from the poet. Some condemned his poetry because they did not approve his conduct. His death under circumstances almost heroic brought back much of the popularity of the poems. In Tennyson's *Life* we are told how greatly the boy Alfred Tennyson was affected by the news that Byron was dead, and yet few modern poets have been less influenced by Byron's style than the mature Tennyson. With fluctuations Byron's first fame lasted until after 1830. Then he began to fall into undeserved neglect. Carlyle spoke of him as a "sulky dandy," and always preached the doctrine that Byronism was an evil thing. For a whole generation and more the poetry of Byron was eclipsed first by that of Shelley, then by that of Wordsworth, tardily receiving its meed of admiration, lastly by that of Tennyson. Byron was sneered at as the poet of "green unknowing youth." Within the last quarter of a century, however, critics have again become more respectful to the poetry of Byron. It is not now impossible again to find English writers prepared to place Byron next to Shakspeare. Those who are not professed students of poetry often admire Byron more than those who are. Many of his admirers are to be found amongst the men of the world and of practical affairs rather than amongst literary folk.

If, then, his countrymen are unable to agree as to Byron's merits, it may be worth while to consider what those who are not his countrymen think. Amongst readers of our literature outside the British Isles there

has never been any doubt as to Byron's true position. Englishmen, asked who is their second poet? reply, with some hesitation, "Milton"; but if the educated foreigner, well versed in English literature, be asked, he says without hesitation, "Byron." The educated natives of India in the present day are said to admire Byron greatly. Perhaps the highest place ever given to Byron is that assigned by Goethe, the greatest poet of Germany, and as great a critic as a poet, being especially noted for the calm balance of his judgment. In a play called the *Helena*, written shortly after the death of Byron, and later included as the third act of the second part of *Faust*, he introduces Byron to represent the result of the union of Greek art with Northern strength. Translation barely suggests the beauty of the original, but the lament for Byron has been thus rendered into English :[1]

"Scarce we venture to bewail thee,
Envying we sing thy fate:
Did sunshine cheer, or storm assail thee,
Song and heart were fair and great.
Earthly fortune was thy dower,
Lofty lineage, ample might,
Ah, too early lost, thy flower
Withered by untimely blight!
Glance was thine the world discerning,
Sympathy with every wrong,
Woman's love for thee still yearning,
And thine own enchanting song.
Yet the beaten path forsaking,
Thou didst run into the snare:
So with law and usage breaking,
On thy wilful course didst fare;

[1] By Miss Anna Swanwick.

Yet at last high thought has given
To thy noble courage weight
For the loftiest thou hast striven—
It to win was not thy fate."

This prompt verdict of Goethe may be taken as representing the German admiration of Byron. Modern German professional critics place Byron almost as high. Two writers, both much more famous in the world of action than in the world of letters, stand for the admiration of Byron in two great countries of Southern Europe, —Mazzini, the Italian patriot, and Castelar, the Spanish orator and Liberal statesman. Mazzini reminds Englishmen of "the appreciation and sympathy for England which he [Byron] awakened amongst us. Before he came all that was known of English literature was the French translation of Shakspeare, and the anathema hurled by Voltaire against the 'intoxicated barbarian.' It is since Byron that we Continentalists have learned to study Shakspeare and other English writers. From him dates the sympathy of all the true-hearted amongst us for this land of liberty, whose true vocation he so worthily represented among the oppressed. He led the genius of Britain on a pilgrimage throughout all Europe."

Naturally, both Mazzini and Castelar are strongly attracted by Byron's political views and his ardent aspirations for liberty, especially for the independence of Spain and for the unity and independence of Italy. It is this liberty-loving character of Byron's poetry that has given him his wondrous vogue upon the Continent, especially with the men of the progressive parties. It is equally natural that France should be the centre of

continental admiration for Byron. What a compliment is conveyed in naming one of the important streets of Paris after him—"Rue Lord Byron"! In what great English city is the name of a man of letters belonging to another nation given to a street? Many Frenchmen have testified to the enthusiasm for Byron. Monsieur Taine, who wrote a most interesting history of English literature, based on a wide acquaintance with it, but not, to an English mind, illumined by sound judgment, says that, with the French, Byron alone of English poets attains to the top of the poetic mountain. Lamartine, the French poet, who for a short period, quitting poetry for politics in 1848, reached a giddy height which he was unable to maintain, actually attempted to carry on Byron's poem by a *Dernier Chant de Childe Harold*. In it, "wishing to carry on the poem of *Childe Harold* to its legitimate conclusion, the death of the hero, he takes it up where Lord Byron had left it, and, underneath the transparent fiction of the name of Harold, sings the last acts and the last thoughts of Lord Byron himself, his journey to Greece, and his death." Of all the editors of *Childe Harold*, the one whose comments have most poetic value is the young French philologist, who was snatched away from the world all too early, James Darmesteter.

If then the cultivated among other nations agree in attaching a greater value to Byron than many Englishmen do, or have done, were it not wise that in his own country there should be a better understanding and appreciation of this great poet? Towards such an understanding this volume is a humble contribution.

NOTES ON THE METRE.

Childe Harold is written in the form of verse known as the Spenserian stanza. This is so called because Spenser's long and famous poem, *The Faerie Queene*, is written in it. The original idea conveyed in the name stanza is stopping place: at first each stanza stood distinct from its neighbours. But in the later part of this poem Byron outgrew this restriction, and occasionally produces a fine effect by running on from stanza to stanza.

As may be seen at once, the stanza consists of nine lines, which are of equal length (5 feet), except the last, which, called an Alexandrine, has one foot more than the others. Each of these lines has an iambic rhythm, that is to say, the accent as a rule falls on every second syllable. In each stanza there are three and only three rhymes, falling in the following order:— a b a b b c b c c. Lines 1, 3 have one rhyme; 2, 4, 5, 7 another; and lines 6, 8, 9 a third. The first is the least important. It will be observed that there is alternation of rhyme, and herein monotony is avoided by a process of skilful interweaving, so that the similarity of sound falls pleasantly upon the ear. The verse opens with a quatrain in alternate lines, and as in most four-lined verse the rhyme that divides and closes it is the more emphatic. The opening quatrain is followed by another, closely linked in sound to the former by using as its first and less prominent rhyme that which has already served as the weightier. Then the final Alexandrine gives a certain sonorous cadence to the whole, the mere fact of the increase in its length also

helping to relieve monotony. Some hold that the Spenserian Stanza is too elaborate and artificial, and that the break proper to it interferes with its fitness for narrative verse. Poetry has need of art and restraint, but for the ordinary reader the art must not be too elaborate: the laws must not be mechanical, and Byron is more than justified in his introduction of variations.

ROME.

SCALE OF ONE STATUTE MILE

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Stanford's Geog.l Estab.t London

London: Macmillan & Co. Ltd.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

Oh, thou! in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth,
Muse! form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will!
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill:
Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill;
Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine,
Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;
Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

II.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.
Ah me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;
Few earthly things found favour in his sight
Save concubines and carnal companie,
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

III.

Childe Harold was he hight :—but whence his name
And lineage long, it suits me not to say ;
Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,
And had been glorious in another day :
But one sad losel soils a name for aye,
However mighty in the olden time ;
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honeyed lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

IV.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun,
Disporting there like any other fly ;
Nor deem'd before his little day was done
One blast might chill him into misery.
But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,
Worse than adversity the Childe befell ;
He felt the fulness of satiety :
Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,
Which seem'd to him more lone than Eremite's sad cell.

V.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,
Had sigh'd to many though he loved but one,
And that loved one, alas ! could ne'er be his.
Ah, happy she ! to 'scape from him whose kiss
Had been pollution unto aught so chaste ;
Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,
And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd to taste.

VI.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee ;
'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
But Pride congeal'd the drop within his ee :
Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea ;
With pleasure drugg'd, he almost long'd for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.

VII.

The Childe departed from his father's hall :
It was a vast and venerable pile ;
So old, it seemed only not to fall,
Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.
Monastic dome ! condemn'd to uses vile !
Where Superstition once had made her den
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile ;
And monks might deem their time was come agen,
If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.

VIII.

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow,
As if the memory of some deadly feud
Or disappointed passion lurk'd below :
But this none knew, nor haply cared to know ;
For his was not that open, artless soul
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,
Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could not control.

IX.

And none did love him : though to hall and bower
He gather'd revellers from far and near,
He knew them flatt'rers of the festal hour ;
The heartless parasites of present cheer.
Yea ! none did love him—not his lemans dear—
But pomp and power alone are woman's care,
And where these are light Eros finds a feere ;
Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.

X.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,
Though parting from that mother he did shun ;
A sister whom he loved, but saw her not
Before his weary pilgrimage begun :
If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel :
Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.

XI.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,
The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,
And long had fed his youthful appetite ;
His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,
And all that mote to luxury invite,
Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's central line.

XII.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home ;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam :
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

XIII.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea
He seized his harp, which he at times could string,
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
When deem'd he no strange ear was listening :
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
Thus to the elements he pour'd his last "Good Night."

1.

Adieu, adieu ! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue ;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight ;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night !

2.

A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

3.

"Come hither, hither, my little page!
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along."

4.

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and one above.

5.

"My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again."—

"Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

6.

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?"—
"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

7.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?"—
"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away."

8.

For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

9.

And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
He'd tear me where he stands.

10.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!
My native Land—Good Night!

XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores descried make every bosom gay;
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.

XV.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land:
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!
But man would mar them with an impious hand:
And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge
'Gainst those who most transgress his high command,
With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge
Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen purge.

XVI.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!
Her image floating on that noble tide,
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
And to the Lusians did her aid afford:
A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

XVII.

But whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;
For hut and palace show like filthily:
The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt;
Ne personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt;
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd, unhurt.

XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noblest scenes—
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?
Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen.
Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates?

XIX.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

XX.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go,
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
And rest ye at "Our Lady's house of woe;"
Where frugal monks their little relics show,
And sundry legends to the stranger tell:
Here impious men have punish'd been, and lo!
Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.

XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path:
Yet deem not these devotion's offering—
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath:
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;
And grove and glen with thousand such are rife
Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.

XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
Are domes where whilome kings did make repair;
But now the wild flowers round them only breathe;
Yet ruin'd splendour still is lingering there.
And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair:
There thou too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow:
But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide:
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide!

XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened!
Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!
With diadem hight foolscap, lo! a fiend,
A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,
There sits in parchment robe array'd, and by
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
Where blazon'd glare names known to chivalry,
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,
Whereat the Urchin points and laughs with all his soul.

XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome:
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
Here Folly dash'd to earth the victor's plume,
And Policy regain'd what arms had lost:
For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom!
Woe to the conqu'ring, not the conquer'd host,
Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's coast!

XXVI.

And ever since that martial synod met,
Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;
And folks in office at the mention fret,
And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.
How will posterity the deed proclaim!
Will not our own and fellow nations sneer,
To view these champions cheated of their fame,
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming year?

XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
Did take his way in solitary guise:
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
More restless than the swallow in the skies:
Though here awhile he learn'd to moralize,
For Meditation fix'd at times on him;
And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise
His early youth, misspent in maddest whim;
But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes grew dim.

XXVIII.

To horse! to horse! he quits, ~~for ever quits~~
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul:
Again he rouses from his moping fits,
But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.
Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage;
And o'er him many changing scenes must roll
Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,
Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless queen;
And church and court did mingle their array,
And mass and revel were alternate seen;
Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted fry I ween!
But here the Babylonian whore hath built
A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,
That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,
And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to varnish guilt.

XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
(Oh, that such hills upheld a free-born race !)
Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,
Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place.
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
Oh ! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share.

XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend ;
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed !
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,
Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows—
Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend :
For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,
And all must shield their all, or share Subjection's woes.

XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide ?
Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide ?
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride ?
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall ?—
Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,
Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul :

XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.

XXXIV.

But ere the mingling bounds have far been pass'd,
Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient roundelays among.
Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
Of Moor and Knight, in mailed splendour drest:
Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the strong;
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppress'd.

XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain! renown'd, romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava's traitor-sire first call'd the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matrons' wail.

XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!
When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,
See how the Mighty shrink into a song!
Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve thee great?
Or must thou trust tradition's simple tongue,
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong?

XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar:
In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

XXXVIII.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

XXXIX.

Lo ! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon ;
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done ;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

XL.

By Heaven ! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air !
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey !
All join the chase, but few the triumph share ;
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

XLI.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high ;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies ;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory !
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

XLII.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools!
Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!
Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

XLIII.

Oh, Albuera! glorious field of grief!
As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim prick'd his steed,
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed!
Peace to the perish'd! may the warrior's meed
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!
Till others fall where other chieftains lead
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
And shine in worthless lays the theme of transient song.

XLIV.

Enough of battle's minions! let them play
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame:
Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,
Though thousands fall to deck some single name.
In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim
Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's good,
And die, that living might have proved her shame;
Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud,
Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pursued.

XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued:
Yet is she free—the spoiler's wish'd-for prey!
Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive
Where Desolation plants her famish'd brood
Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre, might yet survive,
And Virtue vanquish all, and murder cease to thrive.

XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;
Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds;
Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck sounds;
Here Folly still his votaries inthrals;
And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight rounds;
Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals,
Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tott'ring walls.

XLVII.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate
He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,
Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,
Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.
No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet:
Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret;
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man be happy yet!

XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty muleteer?
Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,
As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,
His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?
No! as he speeds, he chants "Vivā el Rey!"
And checks his song to execrate Godoy,
The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day
When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy,
And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adulterate joy.

XLIX.

On yon long, level plain, at distance crown'd
With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,
Wide scatter'd hoof-marks dint the wounded ground;
And, scathed by fire, the greensward's darken'd vest
Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest:
Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host,
Here the bold peasant storm'd the dragon's nest;
Still does he mark it with triumphant boast;
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won and lost.

L.

And whomsoe'er along the path you meet
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet:
Woe to the man that walks in public view
Without of loyalty this token true:
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,
If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloke,
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke.

LI.

At every turn Morena's dusky height
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load ;
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflow'd,
The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,
The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,
The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match,

LII.

Portend the deeds to come :—but he whose nod
Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,
A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod ;
A little moment deigneth to delay :
Soon will his legions sweep through these their way ;
The West must own the Scourger of the world.
Ah ! Spain ! how sad will be thy reckoning day,
When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfurl'd,
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurl'd !

LIII.

And must they fall ? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign ?
No step between submission and a grave ?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain ?
And doth the Power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal ?
Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain ?
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,
The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's heart of steel ?

LIV.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread

LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?

LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
But form'd for all the witching arts of love:
Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,
And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,
'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate:
In softness as in firmness far above
Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;
Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as great.

LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd
Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch
Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:
Her glance how wildly beautiful! how much
Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek,
Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch!
Who round the North for paler dames would seek?
How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan, and weak!

LIX.

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to laud,
Match me, ye harems of the land! where now
I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud
Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow;
Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow
To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,
With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign to know,
There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,
His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.

LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey,
Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,
Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave her wing.

LXI.

Oft have I dream'd of Thee! whose glorious name
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:
And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame
That I in feeblest accents must adore.
When I recount thy worshippers of yore
I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee!

LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,
Which others rave of, though they know it not?
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.

LXIII.

Of thee hereafter.—Ev'n amidst my strain
I turn'd aside to pay my homage here;
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;
Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear;
And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.
Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt
Let me some remnant, some memorial bear;
Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,
Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle vaunt.

LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount, when Greece was young,
See round thy giant base a brighter choir,
Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
Behold a train more fitting to inspire
The song of love, than Andalusia's maids,
Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire:
Ah! that to these were given such peaceful shades
As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly her glades.

LXV.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days;
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.
Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
The fascination of thy magic gaze?
A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

LXVI.

When Paphos fell by Time—accursed Time!
The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee—
The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime;
And Venus, constant to her native sea,
To nought else constant, hither deign'd to flee,
And fix'd her shrine within these walls of white;
Though not to one dome circumscribeth she
Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,
A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.

LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn
Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,
The song is heard, the rosy garland worn;
Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,
Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu
He bids to sober joy that here sojourns:
Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu
Of true devotion monkish incense burns,
And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns.

LXVIII.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest:
What hallows it upon this Christian shore?
Lo! it is sacred to a solemn feast:
Hark! heard you not the forest-monarch's roar?
Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore
Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn;
The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for more;
Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects to mourn.

LXIX.

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man.
London! right well thou know'st the day of prayer:
Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air:
Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,
And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirl;
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow make repair;
Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.

LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd fair,
Others along the safer turnpike fly;
Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware,
And many to the steep of Highgate hie.
Ask ye, Bœotian shades! the reason why?
'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,
Grasp'd in the holy hand of Mystery,
In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,
And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn.

LXXI.

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine,
Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea!
Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine,
Thy saint adorers count the rosary:
Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive them free
(Well do I ween the only virgin there)
From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be;
Then to the crowded circus forth they fare:
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

LXXII.

The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round ;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
Ne vacant space for lated wight is found :
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound ;
None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

LXXIII.

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists advance ;
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance :
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts, they bare away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

LXXIV.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds ; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed :
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed—
Alas ! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

LXXV.

Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo ! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe :
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail ; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

LXXVI.

Sudden he stops ; his eye is fix'd : away,
Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the spear :
Now is thy time to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career.
With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer ;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes ;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear :
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes ;
Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud bellowings speak his woes.

LXXVII.

Again he comes ; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ;
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse ;
Another, hideous sight ! unseam'd appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source ;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears ;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.

LXXVIII.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak and poise the ready brand:
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!

LXXIX

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline:
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.
Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.
What private feuds the troubled village stain!
Though now one phalanx'd host should meet the foe,
Enough, alas! in humble homes remain,
To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,
For some slight cause of wrath whence life's warm stream must flow.

LXXXI.

But Jealousy has fled: his bars, his bolts,
His wither'd centinel, Duenna sage!
And all whereat the generous soul revolts,
Which the stern dotard deem'd he could encage,
Have pass'd to darkness with the vanish'd age.
Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen
(Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage),
With braided tresses bounding o'er the green,
While on the gay dance shone Night's lover-loving Queen?

LXXXII.

Oh! many a time and oft, had Harold loved,
Or dream'd he loved, since rapture is a dream;
But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,
For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream;
And lately had he learn'd with truth to deem
Love has no gift so grateful as his wings:
How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,
Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.

LXXXIII.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,
Though now it moved him as it moves the wise:
Not that Philosophy on such a mind
E'er deign'd to bend her chastely-awful eyes:
But Passion raves itself to rest, or flies;
And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,
Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise:
Pleasure's pall'd victim! life-abhorring gloom
Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom.

LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng;
But view'd them not with misanthropic hate:
Fain would he now have join'd the dance, the song;
But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate?
Nought that he saw his sadness could abate:
Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway,
And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,
Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,
To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day.

TO INEZ.

1.

Nay, smile not at my sullen brow;
Alas! I cannot smile again:
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

2.

And dost thou ask what secret woe
I bear, corroding joy and youth?
And wilt thou vainly seek to know
A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe?

3.

It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor low Ambition's honours lost,
That bids me loathe my present state,
And fly from all I prized the most:

4.

It is that weariness which springs
From all I meet, or hear, or see:
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

5.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;
That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before.

6.

What Exile from himself can flee?
To zones though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life—the demon Thought.

7.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
And taste of all that I forsake;
Oh! may they still of transport dream,
And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

8.

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
With many a retrospection curst;
And all my solace is to know,
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

9.

What is that worst? Nay, do not ask—
In pity from the search forbear:
Smile on—nor venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there.

LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!
Who may forget how well thy walls have stood?
When all were changing, thou alone wert true,
First to be free, and last to be subdued:
And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye,
A traitor only fell beneath the feud:
Here all were noble, save Nobility!
None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save fallen Chivalry!

LXXXVI.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate!
They fight for freedom who were never free,
A Kingless people for a nerveless state;
Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,
True to the veriest slaves of Treachery:
Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,
Pride points the path that leads to Liberty;
Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
War, war is still the cry, "War even to the knife!"

LXXXVII.

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife:
Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foe
Can act, is acting there against man's life:
From flashing scimitar to secret knife,
War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—
So may he guard the sister and the wife,
So may he make each curst oppressor bleed—
So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed!

LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead?
Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain;
Look on the hands with female slaughter red;
Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,
Then to the vulture let each corse remain,
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw;
Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleaching stain,
Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe:
Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw!

LXXXIX.

Nor yet, alas! the dreadful work is done;
Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees:
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.
Fall'n nations gaze on Spain; if freed, she frees
More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd:
Strange retribution! now Columbia's ease
Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustain'd,
While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder unrestrain'd.

XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
Not Albuera lavish of the dead,
Have won for Spain her well-asserted right.
When shall her Olive-Branch be free from blight?
When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?
How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,
And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil!

XCI.

And thou, my friend !—since unavailing woe
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—
Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain :
But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest !
What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest ?

XCII.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most !
Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear !
Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
In dreams deny me not to see thee here !
And Morn in secret shall renew the tear
Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,
And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose.

XCIII.

Here is one fytte of Harold's pilgrimage :
Ye who of him may further seek to know,
Shall find some tidings in a future page,
If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe.
Is this too much ? stern Critic ! say not so :
Patience ! and ye shall hear what he beheld
In other lands, where he was doom'd to go :
Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were quell'd.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

Come, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thou, alas!
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—
Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,
And years, that bade thy worship to expire:
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
Of men who never felt the sacred glow
That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd breasts bestow.

II.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were:
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

III.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn:
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.

IV.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being, thou wouldst be again, and go,
Thou know'st not, reck'st not, to what region, so
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

V.

Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty mound;
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps:
He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around;
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.
Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps:
Is that a temple where a God may dwell?
Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell!

VI.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,
And Passion's host, that never brook'd control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

VII.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son !
" All that we know is, nothing can be known."
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun ?
Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best ;
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron :
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome rest.

VIII.

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore ;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light !
To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more !
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right !

IX.

There, thou !—whose love and life together fled,
Have left me here to love and live in vain—
Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead
When busy Memory flashes on my brain ?
Well—I will dream that we may meet again,
And woo the vision to my vacant breast :
If aught of young Remembrance then remain,
Be as it may Futurity's behest,
For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest !

X.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
The marble column's yet unshaken base;
Here, son of Saturn! was thy fav'rite throne:
Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
It may not be: nor ev'n can Fancy's eye
Restore what Time hath labour'd to deface.
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh;
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

XI.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
On high, where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee
The latest relic of her ancient reign;
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?
Blush, Caledonia! such thy son could be!
England! I joy no child he was of thine:
Thy free-born men should spare what once was free;
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine.

XII.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared:
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared,
Aught to displace Athena's poor remains:
Her sons, too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains,
And never knew, till then, the weight of Despot's chains.

XIII.

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,
Albion was happy in Athena's tears?
Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,
Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears;
The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears
The last poor plunder from a bleeding land:
Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears,
Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand,
Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrants left to stand.

XIV.

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas! that appall'd
Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way?
Where Peleus' son? whom Hell in vain inthrall'd,
His shade from Hades upon that dread day
Bursting to light in terrible array!
What! could not Pluto spare the chief once more,
To scare a second robber from his prey?
Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore,
Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before.

XV.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed
By British hands, which it had best behoved
To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.
Curst be the hour when from their isle they roved,
And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
And snatch'd thy shrinking Gods to northern climes abhorr'd!

XVI.

But where is Harold? shall I then forget
To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave?
Little reck'd he of all that men regret;
No loved-one now in feign'd lament could rave;
No friend the parting hand extended gave,
Ere the cold stranger pass'd to other climes:
Hard is his heart whom charms may not enslave;
But Harold felt not as in other times,
And left without a sigh the land of war and crimes.

XVII.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within!
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high:
Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks :
Look on that part which sacred doth remain
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
Conquest and fame : but Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve.

XX.

Blow ! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale !
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray ;
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.
Ah ! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze !
What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs like these !

XXI.

The moon is up ; by Heaven, a lovely eve !
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand ;
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe :
Such be our fate when we return to land !
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love ;
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measure featly move,
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.

XXII.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore;
Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze:
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase;
But Mauritania's giant shadows frown,
From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

XXIII.

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel
We once have loved, though love is at an end:
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.
Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?
Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy!
Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

XXIV.

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
The soul forgets her schemes of hope and pride,
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.
None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

XXVI.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued ;
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

XXVII.

More blest the life of godly eremite,
Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,
Watching at eve upon the giant height,
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,
That he who there at such an hour hath been
Will wistful linger on that hallow'd spot ;
Then slowly tear him from the 'witching scene,
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

XXVIII.

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind ;
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
And each well-known caprice of wave and wind ;
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel ;
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land ! and all is well.

XXIX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,
The sister tenants of the middle deep ;
There for the weary still a haven smiles,
Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to weep,
And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
For him who dared prefer a mortal bride :
Here, too, his boy essay'd the dreadful leap
Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide ;
While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen doubly sigh'd

XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone :
But trust not this : too easy youth, beware !
A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
And thou mayst find a new Calypso there.
Sweet Florence ! could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine :
But check'd by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

XXXI.

Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye
He look'd, and met its beam without a thought
Save admiration glancing harmless by:
Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,
Who knew his votary often lost and caught,
But knew him as his worshipper no more,
And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought:
Since now he vainly urged him to adore,
Well deem'd the little God his ancient sway was o'er.

XXXII.

Fair Florence found, in sooth with some amaze,
One who, 'twas said, still sigh'd to all he saw,
Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,
Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,
Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law;
All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims:
And much she marvell'd that a youth so raw
Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told flames,
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger dames.

XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,
Now mask'd in silence or withheld by pride,
Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,
And spread its snares licentious far and wide;
Nor from the base pursuit had turn'd aside,
As long as aught was worthy to pursue:
But Harold on such arts no more relied;
And had he doted on those eyes so blue,
Yet never would he join the lovers' whining crew.

XXXIV.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;
What careth she for hearts when once possess'd?
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes;
Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise;
Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes:
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion crowns thy hop

XXXV.

'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,
And those who know it best deplore it most;
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost:
Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,
These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!
If, kindly cruel, early hope is crost,
Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
Not to be cured when love itself forgets to please.

XXXVI.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
For we have many a mountain-path to tread,
And many a varied shore to sail along,
By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led—
Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head
Imagined in its little schemes of thought;
Or e'er in new Utopias were ared,
To teach man what he might be, or he ought;
If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.

XXXVII.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
Though always changing in her aspect mild;
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
Her never-wean'd, though not her favour'd child.
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path:
To me by day or night she ever smiled,
Though I have mark'd her when none other hath,
And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath.

XXXVIII.

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprize:
Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

XXXIX.

Childe Harold sail'd, and pass'd the barren spot
Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave;
And onward view'd the mount, not yet forgot,
The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.
Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
Could she not live who life eternal gave?
If life eternal may await the lyre,
That only Heaven to which Earth's children may aspire.

XL.

'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar,
A spot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave :
Oft did he mark the scenes of vanish'd war,
Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar ;
Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight
(Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,
But loathed the bravo's trade, and laughed at martial wight

XLI.

But when he saw the evening star above
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
And hail'd the last resort of fruitless love,
He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common glow :
And as the stately vessel glided slow
Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

XLII.

Morn dawns : and with it stern Albania's hills,
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,
Array'd in many a dun and purple streak,
Arise ; and, as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer ;
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.

XLIII.

Now Harold found himself at length alone,
And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu ;
Now he adventured on a shore unknown,
Which all admire, but many dread to view :
His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, his wants were few ;
Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet :
The scene was savage, but the scene was new ;
This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed summer's heat.

XLIV.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,
Though sadly scoff'd at by the circumcised,
Forgets that pride to pamper'd priesthood dear ;
Churchman and votary alike despised.
Foul Superstition ! howsoe'er disguised,
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss !
Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross ?

XLV.

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost
A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing !
In yonder rippling bay, their naval host
Did many a Roman chief and Asian king
To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring :
Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose :
Now, like the hands that rear'd them, withering
Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes !
God ! was thy globe ordain'd for such to win and lose ?

XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,
Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,
Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a mount sublime,
Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales;
Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales
Are rarely seen; nor can fair Tempe boast
A charm they know not; loved Parnassus fails,
Though classic ground and consecrated most,
To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast.

XLVII.

He pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake,
And left the primal city of the land,
And onwards did his further journey take
To greet Albania's chief, whose dread command
Is lawless law; for with a bloody hand
He sways a nation, turbulent and bold;
Yet here and there some daring mountain-band
Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold
Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.

XLVIII.

Monastic Zitza! from thy shady brow,
Thou small but favour'd spot of holy ground!
Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
And bluest skies that harmonise the whole:
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.

XLIX.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,
Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh
Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,
Might well itself be deem'd of dignity,
The convent's white walls glisten fair on high:
Here dwells the caloyer, nor rude is he,
Nor niggard of his cheer; the passer by
Is welcome still; nor heedless will he flee
From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

L.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees;
Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze:
The plain is far beneath—oh! let him seize
Pure pleasure while he can; the scorching ray
Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease:
Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.

LI.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,
Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,
Chimæra's alps extend from left to right:
Beneath, a living valley seems to stir;
Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain-fir
Nodding above; behold black Acheron!
Once consecrated to the sepulchre.
Pluto! if this be hell I look upon,
Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for none.

LII.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view ;
Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
Veil'd by the screen of hills : here men are few,
Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot :
But, peering down each precipice, the goat
Browseth ; and, pensive o'er his scatter'd flock,
The little shepherd in his white capote
Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.

LIII.

Oh ! where, Dodona ! is thine aged grove,
Prophetic fount, and oracle divine ?
What valley echoed the response of Jove ?
What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine ?
All, all forgotten—and shall man repine
That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke ?
Cease, fool ! the fate of gods may well be thine :
Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak ?
When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath the stroke !

LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail ;
Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye
Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale
As ever Spring yclad in grassy dye :
Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,
Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,
And woods along the banks are waving high,
Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,
Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's solemn trance.

LV.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,
And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by ;
The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,
When, down the steep banks winding warily,
Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
The glittering minarets of Tepalen,
Whose walls o'erlook the stream ; and drawing nigh,
He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
Swelling the breeze that sigh'd along the lengthening glen.

LVI.

He pass'd the sacred Haram's silent tower,
And underneath the wide o'erarching gate
Survey'd the dwelling of this chief of power,
Where all around proclaim'd his high estate.
Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
While busy preparation shook the court,
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons wait ;
Within, a palace, and, without, a fort :
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

LVII.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,
Circled the wide-extending court below ;
Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridore ;
And oft-times through the area's echoing door,
Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed away :
The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,
Here mingled in their many-hued array,
While the deep war-drum's sound announced the close of day.

LVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see;
The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon;
The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
And crooked glaive; the lively, supple Greek;
And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son;
The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to speak,
Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

LIX.

Are mix'd conspicuous: some recline in groups,
Scanning the motley scene that varies round;
There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,
And some that smoke, and some that play, are found;
Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground;
Half whispering there the Greek is heard to prate;
Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,
The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
"There is no god but God!—to prayer—lo! God is great!"

LX.

Just at this season Ramazani's fast
Through the long day its penance did maintain:
But when the lingering twilight hour was past,
Revel and feast assumed the rule again:
Now all was bustle, and the menial train
Prepared and spread the plenteous board within;
The vacant gallery now seem'd made in vain,
But from the chambers came the mingling din,
As page and slave anon were passing out and in.

LXI.

Here woman's voice is never heard : apart,
And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move,
She yields to one her person and her heart,
Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove :
For, not unhappy in her master's love,
And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
Blest cares ! all other feelings far above !
Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,
Who never quits the breast, no meaner passion shares.

LXII.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
Ali reclined, a man of war and woes :
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that aged venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
Ill suits the passions which belong to youth ;
Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath averr'd,
So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—
But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth,
Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's tooth ;
Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,
In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.

LXIV.

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye
The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,
And gazed around on Moslem luxury,
Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retreat
Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise:
And were it humbler, it in sooth were sweet;
But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,
And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both destroys.

LXV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
Who can so well the toil of war endure?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need:
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure,
When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed,
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead.

LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's tower
Thronging to war in splendour and success;
And after view'd them, when, within their power,
Himself awhile the victim of distress;
That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press:
But these did shelter him beneath their roof,
When less barbarians would have cheer'd him less,
And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof.
In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the proof!

LXVII.

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark
Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,
When all around was desolate and dark;
To land was perilous, to sojourn more;
Yet for a while the mariners forbore,
Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk:
At length they ventured forth, though doubting sore
That those who loathe alike the Frank and Turk
Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work.

LXVIII.

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretch'd the welcome hand,
Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp,
Kinder than polish'd slaves, though not so bland,
And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments damp,
And fill'd the bowl, and trimm'd the cheerful lamp,
And spread their fare; though homely, all they had:
Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp:
To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least the bad.

LXIX.

It came to pass, that when he did address
Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,
Combined marauders half-way barr'd egress,
And wasted far and near with glaive and brand;
And therefore did he take a trusty band
To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,
In war well season'd, and with labours tann'd,
Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,
And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds espied.

LXX.

Where lone Utraikey forms its circling cove,
And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,
How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,
Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,
As winds come lightly whispering from the west,
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene :—
Here Harold was received a welcome guest ;
Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,
For many a joy could he from Night's soft presence glean.

LXXI.

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed,
The feast was done, the red wine circling fast,
And he that unawares had there ygazed
With gaping wonderment had stared aghast ;
For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,
The native revels of the troop began ;
Each Palikar his sabre from him cast,
And bounding hand in hand, man link'd to man,
Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the kirtled clan.

LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood
And view'd, but not displeased, the revelrie,
Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude :
In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see
Their barbarous, yet their not indecent, glee ;
And, as the flames along their faces gleam'd,
Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,
The long wild locks that to their girdles stream'd,
While thus in concert they this lay half sang, half scream'd :—

1.

Tambourgi ! Tambourgi ! thy 'larum afar
Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war ;
All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,
Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote !

2.

Oh ! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote ?
To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock.

3.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive
The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live ?
Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forgo ?
What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe ?

4.

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race ;
For a time they abandon the cave and the chase ;
But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before
The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

5.

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves,
And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,
Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,
And track to his covert the captive on shore.

6.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy ;
Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair,
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

7.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall soothe ;
Let her bring from the chamber her many-toned lyre,
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

8.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,
The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conqueror's yell ;
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,
The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we spared.

9.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear ;
He neither must know who would serve the Vizier :
Since the days of our prophet the Crescent ne'er saw
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

10.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,
Let the yellow-hair'd Giaours view his horsetail with dread ;
When his Delhis come dashing in blood o'er the banks,
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks !

11.

Selictar ! unsheathe then our chief's scimitar ;
Tambourgi ! thy 'larum gives promise of war.
Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more !

LXXIII.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,
And long accustom'd bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb?

LXXIV.

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand;
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unmann'd.

LXXV.

In all save form alone, how changed! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who would but deem their bosoms burn'd anew
With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage:
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

LXXVI.

Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow ?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought ?
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye ? no !
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots ! triumph o'er your foe !
Greece ! change thy lords, thy state is still the same ;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame.

LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest ;
And the Serai's impenetrable tower
Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest ;
Or Wahab's rebel brood, who dared divest
The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,
May wind their path of blood along the West ;
But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil.

LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin,
That penance which their holy rites prepare
To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin,
By daily abstinence and nightly prayer :
But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,
Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,
To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,
In motley robe to dance at masking ball,
And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

LXXIX.

And whose more rife with merriment than thine,
Oh Stamboul! once the empress of their reign?
Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,
And Greece her very altars eyes in vain:
(Alas! her woes will still pervade my strain!)
Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,
All felt the common joy they now must feign,
Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,
As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus along.

LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,
Oft Music changed, but never ceased her tone,
And timely echo'd back the measured oar,
And rippling waters made a pleasant moan:
The Queen of tides on high consenting shone,
And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,
'Twas, as if darting from her heavenly throne,
A brighter glance her form reflected gave,
Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the banks they lave.

LXXXI.

Glanced many a light caique along the foam,
Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,
No thought had man or maid of rest or home,
While many a languid eye and thrilling hand
Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand,
Or gently prest, return'd the pressure still:
Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill!

LXXXII.

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,
Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain,
Even through the closest searment half betray'd?
To such the gentle murmurs of the main
Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain;
To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd
Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain:
How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,
And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud!

LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,
If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast:
Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,
The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,
Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,
And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword:
Ah! Greece! they love thee least who owe thee most—
Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record
Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde!

LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then may'st thou be restored; but not till then.
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
Can man its shatter'd splendour renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?

LXXXV.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now:
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth;

LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave;
While strangers only not regardless pass,
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas!"

LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honey'd wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon;
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

LXXXIX.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same;
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord;
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word;
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career,

XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!
Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around.

XCI.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng ;
Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song ;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;
Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth :
He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth :
But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated land,
And pass in peace along the magic waste ;
But spare its relics—let no busy hand
Deface the scenes, already how defaced !
Not for such purpose were these altars placed :
Revere the remnants nations once revered :
So may our country's name be undisgraced,
So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was rear'd,
By every honest joy of love and life endear'd !

XCIV.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song
Hath soothed thine idlesse with inglorious lays,
Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
Of louder minstrels in these later days:
To such resign the strife for fading bays—
Ill may such contest now the spirit move
Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial praise,
Since cold each kinder heart that might approve,
And none are left to please when none are left to love.

XCV.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one!
Whom youth and youth's affections bound to me;
Who did for me what none beside have done,
Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
What is my being? thou hast ceased to be!
Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,
Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—
Would they had never been, or were to come!
Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause to roam!

XCVI.

Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved!
How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
And clings to thoughts now better far removed!
But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death! thou hast;
The parent, friend, and now the more than friend;
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend.

XCVII.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
And follow all that Peace disdains to seek?
Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak;
Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,
To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique?
Smiles form the channel of a future tear,
Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer.

XCVIII.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroy'd:
Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,
Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoy'd,
And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloy'd.

ABBREVIATIONS.

D. Darmesteter. An edition of *Childe Harold*, with notes in French, by James Darmesteter. Paris, 1882.

M. Mommsen. An edition, with notes in German, by August Mommsen. Berlin, 1885.

R. Rolfe. An edition, with notes, by William J. Rolfe. Boston, 1886.

T. Tozer. An edition, with notes, by H. F. Tozer. Oxford, 1885.

Sk. Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*.

H.E.D. *Historical English Dictionary*. This invaluable work is sometimes referred to as the *New English Dictionary*, sometimes as the *Oxford English Dictionary*. But from an article in *Notes and Queries*, it would seem as if *H.E.D.* would be in future the correct short description.

In the present edition sundry notes are taken from the above books. The editor does not wish to take them without acknowledgment, but if the names are given in full the learner may attach more importance to the source than to the substance. An editor who has taught the young knows that the good learner frequently learns notes by heart. Such an editor therefore tries to diminish the number of names.

NOTES.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I. 3. **shamed** agrees with *thee* in next line.

4. **dares not.** My story is so simple.

5. **thy rill**, Castalia, the fountain on Parnassus, sacred to the muses. Childe Harold's pilgrimage had extended to Delphi.

8. **mote**, one of the archaisms of the early part of the poem; properly O.E. = must, but in use often = may. "So mote it be," is used by Freemasons for 'Amen.' *Mought* is the proper preterite of 'may.'

II. 1. **Whilome**, adverb, which is properly instrumental, or dative plural, from O.E. *hwil*, time = at times; afterwards it was used for 'once upon a time,' as here. For termination, cf. 'seldom.'

Albion, so called from white cliffs of Dover.

2. **ne**, O.E. for *not, neither, nor.* Cp. Chaucer, *Prol.* 492:

"But he ne lafte nat for rain ne thonder."

3. **uncouth**, lit. unknown (couth being p.p. of *cunnan*, to know), hence strange, unfamiliar, awkward, unsuitable. The Scotch *unco'* is the same word, and is not, as is sometimes ridiculously said, short for 'uncommon.'

5. **wight**, person. In earlier English, person or thing. In later English, *whit*, really the same word, is used for thing.

9. **wassailers**, those who drink together. There is no earlier authority for this noun. Wassail means 'revelry,' 'carousing.' Originally it was a Scandinavian drinking salutation, be (cp. *was* and German *gewesen*) hale, in health.

III. 1. **Childe Harold.** See Introd.

hight, called. An obsolete verb. It means 'to call,' as here, and 'to be called,' being in the second sense, the sole instance in

English of a passive verb. It is so used in Shakspere, *M.N.D* v. i. 140:

"This grisly beast which lion hight by name."

5. **losel**, also *lorel* in Spenser. The verb 'lose' had two forms: hence two p.p. 'lost' and 'lorn,' forlorn. Cp. German *verloren*. The word means a prodigal, one who is loose. There is often a confusion between the verbs 'lose' and 'loose.'

aye. The spelling *ay* is better. The word is Old English in the sense of 'ever.' It is still used in Scotland and the North of England; and in poetry as Byron uses it here, *sc.* after *for*. It should always be pronounced rhyming, as it rhymes here, with *say*, *day*, *clay*. *Aye*, meaning 'yes,' is pronounced *I*, or *eye*. "The Speaker said, 'The Ayes have it.'" The German *ja* is akin to *ay*; and distantly related from the same root come Gr. *αἰών*, Lat. *aevum*.

9. **blazon**. The verb properly means 'to explain heraldic figures in suitable terms.' "King Edward gave to them the coat of arms, which I am not herald enough to *blazon* into English" (Addison). Afterwards it is loosely used as equivalent to 'embellish,' 'adorn.' See III. xlix. 3, n.

IV. 1. **him**, a reflexive use for 'himself.' Cp. Shaks. *A. Y. L. I.* II. vii. 15:

"Who laid him down, and basked him in the sun."

5. **a third**, *sc.* of the "threescore years and ten" allotted to man by the Psalmist (xc. 10).

9. **Eremite**, the same word as 'hermit.' Gr. *ἐρῆμος*, in the desert. Milton uses this form, *P.L.* iii. 474:

"Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars."

V. 2. **atonement**. Atone is simply *at one*: atonement, making at one. The old pronunciation of 'one,' before the *w* sound came into it from a provincial use in the west of England, was that which is preserved in this word *atone*, in *alone* and *only*, somewhat also in *anon*. To *atone* originally meant 'to set at one,' 'to reconcile,' or 'to come together into unity, to be at one, to agree.' Shakspere uses the word in both senses:

Transitively: "Since we cannot atone you."
Richard II. I. i. 202.

Intransitively:

"When earthly things made even
Atone together." *As You Like It*, v. iv. 116.

"He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety."
Coriolanus, IV. vi. 72.

These senses are now obsolete, but the word is used in a trans-

ferred sense of 'conciliate,' 'appease,' 'make up for an offence,' especially as a theological term.

3. **but one**, Miss Maria Chaworth, then married.

6. **had been**, *sc.* would have been.

8. **gild his waste**, pay for his extravagance.

VI. 3. **would start**, was wont to start. In 9, *would* 'was willing.'

4. **ee**, archaic English and Lowland Scotch for 'eye.' Its plural 'een.' Chaucer uses *yë* and *yën* (two syllables). The last syllable in *daisy* and *window* is adapted from some form of *eye*.

VII. 1. **hall**, Newstead Abbey.

3. **only not**, almost. So *μόνον οὐκ* in Greek, and *tantum non* in Latin.

4. **aisle**. Unusual use for wing or part of a house. Usually the side part or wing of a church. The word is spelt with an *s* even in Old Fr., but the *s* is not needed. Lat. *ala*, a wing.

5. **dome**, simply a house, so used only in poetry. Not a church (German *Dom*, cathedral), as in Scott (*Marmion*), "Linlithgow's holy dome," much less a cupola, the modern meaning.

6. **Superstition**. The house, as the name Abbey denotes, had been a religious house before the Reformation.

7. **Paphian girls**. Venus was said to have risen from the sea near Paphos in Cyprus. Her temple was there.

8. **agen**, for again. Affectation of archaism, which, however, modern pronunciation often retains.

IX. 4. **parasites**. Cotgrave in his Old French Dictionary says, "a trencher-friend, a smell feast." Greek *παράσιτος*, one who sits beside another at his table, and who, in order to be frequently invited, flatters. In Botany, a plant which lives upon another. In Zoology, an animal living on another, *e.g.* a flea. "Diogenes when mice came about him as he was eating, said: 'I see that even Diogenes nourisheth parasites'" (Bacon).

5. **lemans**, sweethearts. The word originally applied to either sex, as *man* in one sense still does. The first syllable, *lief*, means 'dear.' Cp. German *lieb*. Used by Chaucer, *B.* 3253; *Monk's Tale*, 72:

"Unto his lemman, Dalida, he tolde."

Used by Shakspere *of both sexes*, and three times altogether. Later the word is limited to women. Macaulay, *Naseby*:

"Fools, your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
As you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day."

7. **Eros**, the Greek god of love, *ἔρως*.

7. **feere**, companion, mate; literally, a journey-companion. A.S. *geféran*, to journey; later English, to fare, *sc.* to travel. Hence the noun: 'He paid his fare.'

9. Cp. Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, 625:

"And fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

X. 4. **begun**, p.p. for pret., for sake of rhyme.

XI. 4. **anchorite.** Greek *ἀναχωρητής*, a recluse, one who lives apart. Anchoret is the better spelling. Shakspere in *Hamlet*, III. ii. 229, has 'anchor.'

7. **mote.** Cp. i. 8, n.

9. **Paynim.** The word is identical with Paganism in the sense of Pagan lands collectively, though it is often misused, as if it were an adjective meaning Pagan. "When a writer wishing to use fine language talks of a Paynim, he had better say a Pagan at once" (Skeat). Mommsen says: "Harold is a knight, and it is the knight's duty to attack the Infidel." Hence the use of Paynim.

9. **Earth's central line**, *sc.* the Equator. Byron had at one time thought of travelling to Persia and India. Cp. vi. 7. He never, however, crossed the Equator.

XIII. 3. **albeit**, although it be that.

7. **her.** The ship is feminine.

9. "**Good Night.**" This "was suggested by Lord Maxwell's 'Good Night' in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr. Scott" (Byron's Preface). Mr. Scott was afterwards Sir Walter. There is not, however, any close similarity between the two poems. M. Darmesteter remarks: "The sentiment is quite different: there is regret at departure and desire to return. Lord Maxwell did actually return, which was a great mistake, for he was seized, condemned, and hanged."

V. 1., *l.* 5. **sun, sets, sea, follow, flight.** Notice the alliteration.

V. 3., *l.* 1. **my little page.** Byron took with him the son of one of his tenant-farmers, but he sent the lad back from Gibraltar, home-sick and sea-sick.

V. 6., *l.* 1. **yeoman**, used with intentional archaism for servant: a yeoman is properly a small farmer who farms his own land.

V. 6., *l.* 3. **French foeman.** England was at war with France in 1809.

V. 8., *l.* 3. **feeres.** See ix. 7, note.

XIV. 4. **new shores descried**, the seeing of new shores.

5. **Cintra**, 15 miles W.N.W. of Lisbon.

6. **Tagus, golden tribute.** There is a little gold in the sand of the Tagus, but not, as modern miners say, in 'payable' quantities. Pliny, Catullus, Ovid all speak of the golden sand.

8. **Lusian** for Lusitanian, *sc.* Portuguese. There is no classical authority for abbreviating Lusitania, the Latin name for Portugal, into Lusia; but Byron is following Camoens, who called his poem the *Lusiad.*

XV. 3. **fruits of fragrance,** *sc.* fragrant fruits.

9. **Gaul's locust host.** The French army under Junot had invaded Portugal, but had been driven out by Sir Arthur Wellesley a few months before Byron arrived in Lisbon. The French held the doctrine that war must support war.

XVI. 1. **Lisboa,** Portuguese form of the name Lisbon. Olisipo was the earlier name.

XVII. 2. **sheening,** apparently used as equivalent to *shining.* The noun and adjective 'sheen' are used, but there is no verb to 'sheen.' The noun means "splendour, beauty." Byron has:

"The sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea."

Skeat says there is no etymological connection between *sheen* and *shine.*

4. **ee.** See vi. 4, note.

8. **surtout,** French, literally *overall.*

9. **shent,** p.p. of *shend,* to disgrace, shame. Germ. *schänden.* Used five times by Shakspere.

Egypt's plague, *sc.* of lice. *Exod.* viii. 16.

unkempt, uncombed.

XVIII. 3. **Cintra's glorious Eden.** Byron wrote to his mother: "The most delightful in Europe: it contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial. Palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices; convents on stupendous heights;—a distant view of the sea and the Tagus."

8. **the bard.** Most commentators say Dante in his *Paradiso,* but give no closer reference. Byron seems rather to refer to Milton, *P. L.* iv. 131-165.

XIX. 1. **horrid** has something of the sense of the Latin *horridus,* bristling, rough. Cp. Milton, *P. L.* i. 563, ii. 710.

XX. 4. **Our Lady's house of woe,** *Nossa Señora de Peña.* In a note to the second edition, Byron says that it was pointed out to him [it is known to have been by Scott] that he had mistaken *Peña,* rock, for *pena,* punishment: hence woe. He adds, "I do not think it necessary to alter the passage; as, though the common acceptation affixed to it is 'Our Lady of the Rock,' I

may well assume the other sense from the severities practised there." Other poets have followed Byron in the interpretation "Our Lady of Pain."

8. **Honorius**, a hermit, locally famous, who died in 1596 at the age of 90, not the Catholic Saint, Honorius, who lived nine centuries earlier.

XXI. 4. Someone had been taking Byron in. The crosses are to mark the way to the convent, and have nothing to do with murders.

9. **purple land**, *sc.* blood-stained.

Byron adds a note on the insecurity of life at that time in Portugal.

XXII. 2. **domes.** See vii. 5, note.

whilome. See ii. 1, note.

5. **Prince**, King of Portugal; perhaps 'prince' is here used because at this time the country was being ruled by a Prince Regent.

6. **Vathek**, used for the author of *Vathek*, William Beckford, the son of an alderman of London, and possessed of princely wealth. *Vathek* was originally written in French, described by M. Darmesteter as *d'une pureté rare*, and afterwards translated into English. It is an Eastern tale, short, but rich in imagination and Oriental colouring. Byron in the last note to *The Giaour* calls it a sublime tale, and says that "for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination it far surpasses all European imitations."

7. **form'd** for form'dst, certainly not grammatical.

8. Byron wrote: "I only wish to adduce an example of wasted wealth and the reflexion which arose in surveying the most desolate mansion in the most beautiful spot I ever beheld."

9. **meek Peace.** Milton, *Ode on the Nativity*, "meek-eyed Peace."

XXIII. 3. **unblest.** Stronger than not blest, being = from which the blessing has been withdrawn.

4. **lone as thou.** In order to shut out the public, Beckford built a wall round his estate, Fonthill Abbey, near Bath.

8. **pleasaunces**, archaic word, from the Fr. *plaisance*. Earlier = pleasure. Cp. *Othello*, II. iii. "With joy, pleasance, revel, and applause." Later, confined to idea of a place, pleasure-house, pleasure-grounds.

XXIV. 1. As a matter of fact the Convention of Cintra was not signed at Cintra, but at Lisbon, though it is said to be impossible to convince tourists of the fact. After the defeat

of Junot at Vimiera by Wellesley, the French managed to secure very favourable terms from his successor, Sir Hew Dalrymple, by this Convention, which excited great indignation in England, where it was held that the English generals had been outwitted. Wordsworth and Byron do not often agree, but Wordsworth shared Byron's indignation on this matter. Thinking that England was deserting the Spanish nation in a brave struggle for independence, Wordsworth wrote a pamphlet (he called it a tract) on the Convention of Cintra. Out of respect to the Duke of Wellington he refused to republish it in his lifetime, and the poet died the earlier of the two. There is, however, something to be said for the English generals: "The convention of Cintra, by which Junot agreed to evacuate Portugal. From a military point of view this was a poor sequel to the victory of Vimiera; from a political point of view it was a signal success. Portugal was freed from the French as speedily as she had been conquered by them, and England thus secured a friendly base of operations" (H. Morse Stephens, *Europe*, 1789-1815, p. 266). The tone of these three stanzas, xxiv.-xxvi. is more like that of *Don Juan*, and unlike the other parts of *Childe Harold*. The personification is a sort of parody on Spenser; and the play on the two meanings of "foolscap" is unworthy.

2. **dome.** See vii. 5, note.

6. **sable,** black, ill-omened.

9. **Urchin,** an elf delighting in mischief, lit. a hedgehog, then a demon, because in the Middle Ages demons were often supposed to assume that form.

XXV. 2. **Marialva's dome.** Byron says the Convention was signed in the palace of the Marquis Marialva.

4. **shallow,** not lasting long.

8. **Woe to the conqu'ring.** In Roman history Brennus was said to have flung his sword into the balance in which the tribute was being weighed, and to have uttered the words "*Vae victis*!"

XXVI. 1. **synod,** properly applied to an ecclesiastical gathering. Byron is probably sneering at the unwarlike concessions granted to the French. The *martial* is sarcastic.

9. It must be remembered that Byron was in Portugal in the year after the signing of the Convention.

XXVIII. 1. From Lisbon Byron and his companion rode to Seville and Cadiz.

3. **rouses,** *sc.* himself (understood).

7. There is a confusion of metaphors in this line. Scenes are rolled before the spectator, and not over him.

8. **toil.** *Travel* and *travail* were originally the same word, a fact that shows how far from easy travel was in the days of our ancestors. The derivation is Latin, *trabs*, a beam, an obstacle.

XXIX. 1. **Mafra,** a town about 20 miles north-west of Lisbon. It is sometimes called the Portuguese Escorial, for there was built there a combination of palace, church and monastery. Early in the eighteenth century the king, during an illness, vowed to build a stately home for the poorest brotherhood in Portugal.

2. **luckless queen.** She was at this time insane.

4. **mass and revel,** in accordance with the character of the founder.

5. **lordlings and freres.** The former term is contemptuous for lords. *Frere* is Fr. for *friar.*

6. **the Babylonian whore.** The reference is to *Revelation,* xvii. 5, "And upon the forehead was a name written, Mystery, Babylon the Great, The Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the Earth." This originally meant pagan Rome, but was transferred by the Puritans and extreme Protestants to the Papacy.

7. **sheen.** See xvii. 2, note.

XXX. 3. **joyaunce,** archaism for joy; not quite so much out of use as *pleasaunce*; cp. xxiii. 8. It is used by Shelley in *The Skylark,*

'With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety."

XXXI. 4. **withouten,** archaic. There is plenty of authority for it in Spenser and other writers.

6. **flocks.** The reference is to the famous merino sheep. It may not be generally known that the best Australian flocks are descendants of some of the 500 merinoes, sent by the Spanish Cortes as a present to George III., "Farmer George."

7. **pastor,** in its literal sense, shepherd.

XXXII. 1. **Lusitania and her Sister,** Portugal and Spain.

3. **Or ere.** *Ere* in old English meant 'before' as it does now: so also did *or.* Sometimes they were combined. When the origin of this double phrase was forgotten, it was sometimes changed to "or ever." For *or ere,* cf. Milton, *Ode on Nativity,* 86:

"The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn."

This later archaism 'or ever' has been finely introduced into the Revised Version of *Ecclesiastes*, chapter xii. It stood in the A.V., in verse 6, "or ever the silver cord be loosed." In the R.V. the chapter opens: "Remember also the Creator in the days of thy youth, or ever the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; or ever the sun and the light and the moon and the stars be darkened." See also Abbott's *Shaksp. Grammar*, § 131.

4. **Tayo**, Portuguese name of river Tagus.

5. **Sierra**, Spanish for a mountain range, lit. a saw.

6. **China's vasty wall.** The Great Wall built as a defence against invaders along the northern frontier of China.

XXXIII. 8. **hind**, a peasant. There is no reason for the final *d*. It has come by confusion with the *hind*, female of the stag. Sk. says that *hina* is properly genitive plural = "of the domestics." The word, though used by Chaucer, Shakspere, Landor, is now provincial or archaic. The friend of the agricultural labourers in the House of Commons was ignorant of the word, and therefore indignant at its use, and asked: "How would the Hon. Member like me to call his friends aristocratic goats?" *Hine* would have been the better spelling.

9. In 1812, after the Peninsular War, Byron added in this note, a partial apology to Portugal: "As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterised them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has, indeed, done wonders: he has perhaps changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessors."

XXXIV. 4. **roundelay**, from Fr. *rondelet*, diminutive of 'rondel' or 'rondeau,' a poem that ends as it began, is rounded off. A 'rondeau' is properly a poem of thirteen lines arranged in three strophes of five, three and five respectively, with only two rimes and with an additional refrain after the eighth and thirteenth. Roundelay is altered into an English form in two ways; the first syllable has become round, and the last has been attracted by the English word, *lay*, a song. Here the word is used freely as equivalent to ballad.

7. Cp. *Eccl.* ix. 11, "The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong."

8. **Paynim.** See xi. 9, note.

XXXV. 3. **Cava.** "Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain" (B). The story is that the Moors were invited into Spain by Count Julian, because his daughter Cava had been dishonoured by Roderick, the last King of the Visigoths. The

whole story is however mistrusted by the best historians, as there is no contemporary authority, and the traditions are only preserved in songs and ballads. Southey's "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," and Landor's "Count Julian: a Tragedy," deal with this subject. Sir Walter Scott wrote a "Vision of Don Roderick," in which this same king sees the future of Spain. It is evident that the Peninsular War was attracting the attention of Englishmen to Spanish history. These three eminent writers were engaged with the subject at the same time, though there were intervals in the publication. Scott's poem appeared in 1811, Landor's in 1812, and Southey's tragic poem, which is much the longest, not until 1814. The following note by Southey is interesting: "I have represented the Count as a man both sinned against and sinning, and equally to be commiserated and condemned. The author of the Tragedy of Count Julian has contemplated his character in a grander point of view, and represented him as a man self-justified, in bringing an army of foreign auxiliaries to assist him in delivering his country from a tyrant, and foreseeing, when it is too late to recede, the evils which he is thus bringing upon her."

Pelayo, whom Byron calls Pelagio, and in his note Pelagius, preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias [mountains in the north of Spain]: and the descendants of his followers, after some centuries, completed their struggle by the conquest of Grenada. Roderick died in 711 A.D., and then Pelayo established his little kingdom, never conquered by the Moors, the cradle of the later Spanish Monarchy. Pelayo and his followers were Christians.

"The Oaken Cross
Triumphant borne on high precedes their march,
And broad and bright the argent banner shone."
—Southey, *Roderick*, xxv.

7. **drove at last the spoilers to their shore.** Expulsion of the Moors from Grenada, 1492; *their shore*, Africa.

8. **pale**, proleptic. It is the result of the waning.

XXXVI. 1. The allusion is to the Spanish ballads, which are very numerous.

XXXVII. 4. **crimson plumage.** Does it mean blood-stained or merely with red feathers in the hat? "Conquest's crimson wing" (Gray's *Bard*, I. i. 3).

5. Darmesteter quotes Scott's *Vision of Don Roderick*, xxvi.:

"For War a new and dreadful language spoke,
Never by ancient warrior heard or known,
Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder was her tone."

9. **Andalusia**, great southern province of Spain, including Granada, Seville, and Cordova.

XXXVIII. 4. **nor saved**, "And seeing, did ye not save?"

6. **bale-fires.** "Found in old English poetry; then not till the fourteenth century; and till lately confined to Scotch. Not in Johnson, nor in Todd, 1818." The first syllable is *bale*, an old word used in Beowulf (1000), and again from fourteenth to sixteenth century, meaning a bonfire, and specially a funeral pile. W. Morris has revived this latter use:

"Far out is the people's meadow they raise a bale on high"

(*Sigurd*, III. 305). It was often confused, and probably is by Byron, with a different *bale*, meaning mischief, evil. This was marked obsolete in dictionaries soon after 1600, but revived in this century by poets on account of "its undefined vague sense of evil." The substance of this note is from *H.E.D.*, under different words.

8. **Siroc**, Sirocco (Sp. *Siroco*), the hot wind of Northern Africa and Southern Europe. The name comes through Italian from Arabic, *sharg*, which means 'east.' In the Mediterranean, especially the Levant, the east wind is the oppressive wind.

XXXIX. 1. **Giant**, *sc.* Battle personified.

8. **on this morn**, the battle of Talavera. "Wellesley speedily dislodged Soult from Oporto, and drove his army in disorder back into Galicia. He then, following the example of Moore, invaded Spain, in the expectation of saving Andalusia. He met the French army in Spain at Talavera. He repulsed the French attack on his position on the 28th of July, and had he been efficiently assisted by the Spaniards, he might have won a great victory. As it was, his success prevented the French from invading Portugal, but it was not sufficiently decisive to save Andalusia" (H. Morse Stephens, *Europe*, 1789-1815, p. 275). Talavera was a terribly murderous battle, the French losing 7000 (1500 in forty minutes), and the English 5000. Byron was not present at the battle, though his ride from Lisbon to Seville took place in the same month, July 1809, as the battle, and about ten days before it, but he was not very near the field.

XL. 5. **war-hounds**, the soldiers compared to blood-hounds eager for fray. Cp. Shakspere, *Henry V.* III. i. 31:

"I see you stand like grey-hounds in the slips
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot."

9. **Havoc.** Sir William Blackstone told Dr. Johnson that "to cry havoc" meant to raise a cry of merciless slaughter when no quarter would be given. Shakspere, *Cor.* III. i. 275:

"Do not cry havoc when you should but hunt
With modest warrant."

It is used as a verb in *Henry V.* I. ii. 173 (said of a cat):

"To tear and havoc more than she can eat."

Havoc, A.S. for a hawk.

XLI. 2. **orisons**, prayers, through O.F. *oraison*, from Lat. *orationem*. The second syllable is short or unaccented because of the English rule by which the accent is thrown back In *Hamlet* the accent is where it is in French:

> "The fair Ophelia! Nymph in thy orisons
> Be all my sins remembered" (III. i. 89).

But in other places Shakspere makes the second syllable short.

strange orisons, prayers addressed to the God of Battles.

3. **flout**. Cf. Shaks. *Macbeth*, I. ii. 52:

> "Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky."

5. **fond ally**, *fond* in its old sense of foolish. The charge is that England fights battles for other nations, and gains nothing from her victories. Of course England did not really 'fight in vain.' She fought to resist Napoleon's ambition which threatened her freedom. How different Byron's tone towards his country is from Browning's in *Home Thoughts from the Sea*. The latter is thinking of English victories at sundry places near which his ship is sailing, and having briefly suggested them, adds: "Here and here did England help *me*. How can I help England?" How was he helped? By the preservation of England's freedom, by the exaltation of English feeling.

XLII. 4. **tyrants**. Who were they? Clearly Napoleon for "the foe"; but who for "the victim," and who for the "fond ally"? Byron liked to attack "folks in office" (xxvi. 3), but he could hardly make a tyrant out of the Prince Regent. Or was it Pitt?

7. *I.e.* can despots achieve anything in the conquest of a land that would really welcome them?

8. Darmesteter quotes Shaks. *Richard II.* III. ii. 152:

> "And nothing can we call our own but death,
> And that small model of the barren earth,
> Which serves as paste and cover to our bones."

XLIII. 1. **Albuera**. This battle was not fought until May, 1811. This stanza was not therefore in the original draft of the poem, but was added after Byron's return to England.

2. **Pilgrim**. The poem is called *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

prick'd, an archaic word for gallop, spur. Frequently used by Spenser, as in the first line of the *Faerie Queene*:

> 'A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine.'

5. **meed**, sc. reward. Fame is the warrior's meed.

XLIV. 1. **battle's minions**. Reminiscence of *Macbeth*, I. ii. 20; "Valour's minion."

1. **minions.** French, *mignon*, a darling; 'mignonette' is its diminutive. Old German *Minne* = love. "Once no more than a darling or dearling. It is quite a superaddition of later times that the minion is an unworthy object on whom an excessive fondness is bestowed" (Trench, *Select Glossary*). It is supposed that the sinister sense came from Italian.

9. That is to say, have turned robbers. Byron does not speak pleasantly of his country's soldiers. See II. xl. 9:

"He would not delight
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,
But loathed the bravo's trade, and laughed at martial wight."

XLV. 2. **Sevilla, unsubdued.** The French entered Seville six months later, after Byron's visit, when Byron's prophecy was fulfilled.

5. **domes,** houses, especially fine large houses. See vii. 5, note.

6. **Inevitable hour** is taken from Gray's *Elegy*: "Alike await the inevitable hour."

8. **Ilion.** Troy, properly the citadel of Troy.

XLVI. 1. Another reminiscence of Gray.

"Unconscious of their doom The little victims play"

Distant Prospect of Eton.

4. **wounds.** Byron has given the old pronunciation retained in the old expression—*zounds.*

5. **rebeck,** "a kind of fiddle with only two strings, played on by a bow, said to have been brought by the Moors into Spain" (B). The rebeck afterwards had three strings "till it was exalted into the more perfect violin with four strings" (Nares). The name came through the Italian *ribeca* from a Persian word (*rebeb*) for a musical instrument of the same kind. Milton, *L'Allegro*, 94: "the jocun rebeck's sound."

XLVII. 5. **Eve's consenting star,** the planet Venus, the star of love.

6. **Fandango,** a lively Spanish dance with castanets, said to be of Moorish origin.

castanet. Spanish word. "An instrument consisting of a small concave shell of ivory or hardwood [such as that of the *castanea* or chestnut] used by the Spaniards, Moors, and others, to produce a rattling sound as an accompaniment to dancing; a pair of them, fastened to the thumb, are held in the palm of the hand, and struck with the middle finger" (*H.E.D*).

8. **toils.** Lat. *teta, sc. texta,* from *texere,* to weave.

XLVIII. 1. **carols.** The noun *carol* is older than the verb. It originally meant a dance, and is from a Keltic root with the idea of motion.

4. **bells**, *sc.* on the trappings of the mules.

5. **Vivã el Rey**! Long live the King!

6. **Godoy.** Don Manuel Godoy, "of an ancient but decayed family ... originally in the ranks of the Spanish guards, till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and raised him to the rank of duke" (Byron).

7. **wittol**, a cuckold, usually explained as by Cotgrave, "one that knows and bears with, or winks at, his wife's dishonesty." This derives the word from 'wit,' *to know*. It has, however, been shown that it is a corruption of an old name for a bird in whose nest the cuckoo lays its egg.

8. **black-eyed boy.** Godoy, who with the queen helped France to seize Spain. Later there was a revolution in favour of Ferdinand.

L. 1. **whomsoe'er.** Antecedent omitted, which is subject to *bears*.

2. **badge.** "The red cockade with 'Fernando VII.' in the centre" (Byron).

LI. 1. **Morena's dusky height.** "The Sierra Morena was fortified in every defile through which I passed on my way to Seville" (Byron). *Morena* in Spanish means 'dusky,' but the name of the mountains really comes from the old Latin name *Marianus*.

4. **howitzer**, a short light cannon for projecting shells at a low elevation. From a Bohemian word, meaning originally a sling for throwing stones.

8. **holster** is a Dutch word, but connected with English and German words for covering—'hull,' 'hole,' 'hollow,' 'hell.' It is the leather case for a pistol on a saddle.

9. **ball-piled pyramid.** "The pyramidal form in which shot and shells are piled" (Byron).

LII. 1. Carrying on the grammatical construction from one stanza to another is rare in the earlier cantos of *Childe Harold*, more frequent in the fourth.

he whose nod. Napoleon, for whom Byron later felt and expressed great admiration.

2. **tumbled**, generally neuter, but sometimes, as here, active.

5. **through these**, etc., the defences described in last stanza.

9. A reminiscence of Homer, *Il.* I. 3, πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἄϊδι προΐαψεν, "Yea many a valiant spirit to Hades' halls did it send" (A. S. Way).

LIV. 2. **willow**, a reminiscence of *Psalm* cxxxvii. 1, 2, a psalm of the Jews in their captivity: "By the rivers of Babylon,

there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof." Hanging up the harp or guitar was a sign of sorrow.

2. **unstrung**, as not about to be used.

3. **anlace.** "Obsolete before 1500, and loosely used by modern poets." "A short two-edged knife or dagger, broad at the hilt, tapering to a point, formerly worn at the girdle" (*H.E.D.*). Nothing known of derivation, but Sk. conjectures *on lace.*

6. **owlet**, owl; an imitative word from note of bird. Verb *howl* is connected with it, *owlet* diminutive. In *Macbeth*, IV. i. 17, "howlet's wing."

larum = alarum = alarm = Ital. *all' arme!* to arms. In seventeenth century fancied = all, arm! Alarum is made out of alarm by rolling the *r*. Now restricted to alarm signal, generally mechanical.

7. **bay'net.** The bayonet is so called from *Bayonne*, where it first was made.

8. **falchion**, ultimately from Lat. *falx*, a sickle. The Fr. is *fauchon*, and the English word is so spelt in *Piers the Plowman.* The spelling was altered through the influence of Latin.

9. **Minerva**, as goddess of war. She is rather the goddess of intelligence, but in war men are guided to victory by intelligence. Amid the dangers of war success is gained by cunning, prudence, courage, and perseverance. Fuller quaintly says: "Well did the poets feign Pallas patroness of arts and arms; there being ever good intelligence betwixt the two professions, and, as it were, but a narrow cut to ferry over out of one into the other." Pallas, or Athené, is the Greek goddess answering to the Roman Minerva.

LV. 1. The reference is to the Maid of Saragossa, a beautiful girl of twenty-one, who, when she saw her lover fall, took his place at the cannon. This was at the siege in 1808, which was raised, but the French returned in force, and Saragossa was taken by them early in 1809. "The maid of Saragoza, who by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines. When the author was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders by command of the Junta" (Byron). It is not quite clear whether the command was that she was to be decorated or to walk.

7. **Saragoza.** 'Zaragoza' is the Spanish, 'Saragossa' the English spelling.

8. **Gorgon**, a Greek monster, on which whoever looked was turned to stone.

LVII. 4. **horrid.** Cp. xix. 1. No doubt with both meanings,—'bristling' and 'dreadful.'

phalanx, a Greek word for a body of troops in close array.

8. **remoter females**, English ladies.

LVIII. 2. The dimple on the chin. Byron quotes:

"Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem."

'The seals upon the chin impressed by Love's tiny finger
Proves softness by that mark.'

He quotes it as from Aulus Gellius, but it is not in that author. The quotation is in an old grammarian Nonius as from Varro, and the word 'sigilla' is a conjecture.

6. **Phœbus**, the sun.

7. **amorous.** Cp. Shaks. *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. v. 28,

"With Phoebus' amorous pinches black."

LIX. 1. "This stanza was written in Turkey" (Byron).

2. **haram.** Now more usually spelt 'harem.' Properly the women's rooms in an Eastern house. The word in Arabic means 'sacred,' or 'prohibited.'

4. **cynic**, lit. 'dog-like.' Diogenes had a supreme disregard for the opinions of others, and this won him the name of 'dog' (κύων); hence our modern 'cynic' and 'cynical.' His views may be described as an exaggeration of the views of the Stoics, and the name Cynic was sometimes applied to all the Stoics.

5. **Houries**, nymphs of Paradise. The word is Persian, and means 'black-eyed.'

LX. 1. "These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos) at the foot of Parnassus, now called Liakura, Dec. 1809" (Byron). Travellers, however, say that the snow-clad summit ("whom I now survey") cannot be seen from Castri!

LXI. 2. **lore**, *sc.* learning. The word is connected with learn, though more closely with an old English *lere*, to teach.

8. **canopy.** From Gk. κωνωπεῖον, literally a mosquito net. The modern use of canopy for the covering of a throne is an instance of the law of amelioration in language.

LXII. 5. **grot.** The adytum or shrine of the Pythian Apollo at Delphi was a natural cave, with a temple built on in front of it.

9. **melodious wave, Castalia.** The poets use 'wave' of a mere stream.

LXIII. 8. **Daphne's deathless plant.** Daphne was the daughter of a river god, and was beloved by Apollo. She escaped from him by being changed into a laurel. Milton, *Comus*, 661:

> "as Daphne was
> Rootbound, that fled Apollo."

Victors at the Pythian games were crowned with laurel. Cp. Wordsworth, *The Russian Fugitive*, Pt. iii.:

> "'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
> That Phoebus wont to wear
> The leaves of any pleasant tree
> Around his golden hair;
> Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
> Of his imperious love,
> At her own prayer transformed, took root,
> A laurel in the grove.
>
> "Then did the Penitent adorn
> His brow with laurel green;
> And 'mid his bright locks never shorn
> No meaner leaf was seen;
> And poets sage, through every age,
> About their temples wound
> The bay; and conquerors thanked the gods
> With laurel chaplets crowned."

LXIV. The object of this stanza is transition from Parnassus back to Spain.

3. **priestess ... Pythian hymn.** The most celebrated of the ancient oracles was that of Apollo at Delphi. In the centre of the temple at Delphi there was a chasm which gave forth an intoxicating vapour (cp. III. lxxxi. 2). Over this there was a high tripod, on which the Pythia sat, and when overcome by the fumes gave forth her oracles.

4. **more than mortal.** Virg. *Aen.* VI. 50, "Nec mortale sonans."

9. **Glory fly her glades,** because she is now enslaved. Gray, *Progress of Poesy*, 77, said that

> "the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
> Left their Parnassus."

LXV. 1. **Seville.** Founded by the Phoenicians, strong in Roman days, captured by Caesar; capital of the Goths before Toledo, and capital of United Spain until Charles (V. as Emperor, I. as King of Spain) chose Madrid.

3. **Cadiz,** the Gades of the Romans, the "golden gate of the Indies," so called because the galleons from America could only unload there.

6. **mantling.** The noun *mantle*, through Fr. *manteau*, from Lat. *mantile*, a cloth for washing the hands, means first a table-cloth, then a loose cloak thrown over the dress. Hence to mantle means to cover, to spread. Cp. Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, 132:

"To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread."

Milton, *P.L.* iv. 258:

"O'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant."

Shaks. *M. of V.* i. i. 89:

"There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond."

8. **Cherub-hydra**, looking like an angel, really a snake.

LXVI. 1. **Paphos.** Cp. vii. 7.

4. **native sea.** Venus was said to have sprung from the foam of the sea.

LXVII. 1. Cp. Milton, *P.L.* i. 742:

"from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve."

5. **kibes**, ulcerated chilblains. Sk. says it is a Keltic word. Shaks. uses the word twice: *Tempest*, II. i. 274:

"If 'twere a kibe
'Twould put me to my slipper."

Hamlet, v. i. 150: "The age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe." Byron had this passage in his mind, and probably thought kibe meant heel.

LXVIII. 4. **forest-monarch**, the bull. The lion more usually has this title.

LXIX. 1. Two stanzas of satirical description of Sunday, not very well suited to the context. "Perhaps the two stanzas of a buffooning cast on London's Sunday are as well left out," Byron wrote to a friend. He, however, decided to retain them.

the seventh day. Sunday is not the seventh, but the first day of the week. Strictly speaking it should not be called the Sabbath, the Jewish name for the seventh day. Christians who do not like the heathen name Sunday should use 'Lord's Day.'

3. **spruce**, gaily dressed. Spruce = Pruce = Prussia. To dress sprucely was to dress after the Prussian manner.

5. **hackney.** O.F. *haquenée*, but from Dutch *hack* = chop, jolt; *ney* = nag. Our *hack* is short for hackney.

5. **whiskey**, a kind of light gig, easily whisked along. Crabbe uses the word.

8. **jade**, a horse of no spirit, a worthless nag. Cp. *Jul. Caes.* IV. ii. 26:

> "When they should endure the bloody spur
> They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades,
> Sink in the trial."

hurl, strange use for 'to hurry forward.'

LXX. 1. **Thamis.** Not the usual Latin for Thames, *Thamesis.*

2. **turnpike**, for a turnpike road. A turnpike was properly "a gate set across a road to stop those liable to toll. The name was given to the toll-gate, because it took the place of the old-fashioned turnstile, which was made with four horizontal pikes or arms revolving on the top of a post" (Sk.).

5. "This was written at Thebes, and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question; not as the birthplace of Pindar, but as the capital of Boeotia, where the first riddle was propounded and solved" (Byron).

6. **solemn Horn.** This refers only to Highgate, where at the public houses it was the custom for people to take mock oaths on a pair of horns to the effect "that he would never drink small beer when he could get strong, unless he liked it better; that he would never, except on similar grounds of choice, eat brown bread when he could get white, or water-gruel when he could command turtle-soup; that he would never make love to the maid when he might to the mistress, unless he preferred the maid; and so on" (Chambers' *Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 118).

LXXI. 2. "Byron has marvellously hit off the appearance of Cadiz in this single line" (Gautier, *Voyage en Espagne*, p. 348).

4. **rosary**, a chaplet (little head-dress, usually a crown of flowers) "of roses placed on the statues of the Virgin, shortly called a rosaire or rosary, came later to mean a sort of chain intended for counting prayers, made of threaded beads, which at first were made to resemble the chaplets of the Madonna" (Brachet, *s.v. chape*).

5. **shrive**, to give absolution. The word occurs in A.S. as *scrifan*, but is really from Latin.

scribere, introduced early as an ecclesiastical term,—to prescribe a rule of conduct. Cp. Shrove-Tuesday, a day of absolutions before Lent begins.

7. **her beadsmen**, those who pray to her. It often means pensioners, as in duty bound to pray *for* those by whose alms they were supported. Cp. Shaks. *Richard II.* III. ii. 116:

> "Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows."

The word *bead* meant a prayer before it meant glass with a hole through it. To *bid* meant to pray before it meant to order, and a 'bidding prayer' as at the Universities is a prayer that prays for people by name. The word is kindred with German *beten*, to pray.

8. **fare**, go. Cp. Germ. *fahren*, root of far, fare, ferry. See ix. 7, note.

LXXII. 1. **lists**, old word for a tournament ground. Never used in the singular. Old Fr. *lisses*; modern Fr. *lice*. There is no reason for final *t*.

oped, archaic for *opened*. 'Ope' and 'open' are two forms of the verb. Cp. *list* and *listen*, *heark* and *hearken*.

4. **lated**, archaic for *belated*. Shaks. *Macbeth*, III. iii. 6, "lated traveller."

wight. See II. 5, note.

5. **dons**, Spanish title of respect, also one that bears the title, from Lat. *dominus*. Cp. 'dan' in Chaucer. O.Fr. *dans*. Tennyson calls Chaucer "Dan Chaucer," *Dream of Fair Women*, 5. At Cambridge University 'Ds.' is prefixed to names in official lists.

grandees, a privileged class of hereditary nobles in Spain, exempt from taxation, and having the right to remain covered in the presence of the king.

LXXIII. "It was here that Lord Byron saw the bull fight, of which he gives, in the First Canto of *Childe Harold*, a poetical description, which, however, does not say much for his knowledge of tauromachy" (Gautier, *Voyage en Espagne*, p. 345).

3. **cavaliers**, the picadors who are mounted, and whose business it is to prick the bull with their lances.

5. **featly**, dexterously. There was an old adjective, *feat*, neat, dexterous.

scarfs. Pope uses the form *scarves*.

9. **all that**, ironical, popular applause, fame.

LXXIV. 1. **sheen**. See xvii. 2, note.

2. **Matadore**, the slayer of the bull in bull-fights. From Lat. *mactatorem*. Lat. *mactare* (1) to honour, (2) to kill; honour, *sc.* magnify, being from a root connected with *magis*, *magnus*. It is curious that Byron has really made a mistake here. The Matador is clad in black, and only comes in to give the bull the final blow, his *quietus*. Nor does he give this with a dart, but with a sharp sword. Earlier in the baiting others (Picadors) in gay dress prick and prod the bull with lances, and yet others throw darts at him (the 'clinging darts' of lxxviii. 3).

LXXV. 4. "The verse bounds as the bull" (D.).

LXXVI. 5. **croupe.** "The croupe is a particular leap taught in the manege" (Byron). MS. note, quoted by D.

There is a French word *croupade*, a high curvet in which the horse draws up his hind legs. In this sense there is no such word as that which Byron uses. *Croup* or *croupe* means the hind-quarters of a horse. Hence *crupper*. Scott, *Marmion*, v. xii. 39:

"So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung."

LXXVIII. 3. **brast,** archaic for *burst*. Properly it is a "northern form" (*H.E.D.*). It is used by Spenser.

5. **Matadores.** There is only one, and he does not wear a "red cloak."

8. **conynge,** archaic spelling and archaic use of *cunning*. "(1) Possessing knowledge, *obs.* (2) Possessing practical knowledge or skill; able, skilful, expert, dexterous, clever. Formerly the prevailing sense; now only a literary archaism" (*H.E.D.*).

LXXIX. 4. The neck cannot be said to *mingle* with the spine.

4. **cries.** D. quotes from Theo. Gautier, *Voyage en Espagne*: "If at the second blow the bull is not finished, the matador is overwhelmed with yells, hisses, and insults, for the Spanish public is impartial. It applauds the bull or the man as each deserves. If the bull rips up a horse, and causes the man to be thrown, '*bravo, bull.*' If it is the man that wounds the bull, '*bravo, matador.*'"

LXXX. 4. This is the mishief of sports that brutalise.

LXXXI. 2. **wither'd centinel.** Certainly both in adjective and noun, as D. points out, a reminiscence of Shaks. *Macbeth*, II. i. 54:

"wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf."

Spelt by Byron *centinel*, either because Spenser spells 'centonell' (*F.Q.* I. ix. 41) or because the Spanish is *centinela*.

Duenna. In Spanish the word means a married lady. Used for an elderly lady acting as guardian to young ladies.

LXXII 4. **which.** Soul is the antecedent.

Lethe, the river of forgetfulness.

6. **grateful,** *i.e.* pleasant.

wings, *i.e.* that he can change. How different from the doctrine, "Love is love for evermore."

9. The following passage from Lucretius was a favourite with Byron:

"medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat,"

LXXXIII. 2. **the wise,** *sc.* without desire.

9. **Cain.** *Gen.* iv. 12, "A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth."

LXXXIV. 8. **unpremeditated lay.** Perhaps imitated from Scott, *Lay of Last Minstrel*, Introd.:

> "He poured to lord and lady gay
> The unpremeditated lay."

With what excellent effect Shelley introduces the epithet in the *Skylark*:

> "That from heaven, or near it,
> Pourest thy full heart
> In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

Song to Inez.

This was not the original song. This melancholy, if unpremeditated, lay replaced some singularly lively verses on "the Girl of Cadiz." From the last four lines of lxxxiv. a lively, not a sad, song might have been expected.

V. 5, *l.* 2. **the fabled Hebrew wanderer,** the Wandering Jew. The story is that Ahasuerus, a cobbler, would not let Jesus rest at his door on the way to the crucifixion, and that Jesus said, "Thou shalt tarry till I come again."

V. 6, *l.* 1. Compare Horace, II. xvi. 19:

> "Patriae quis exsul
> Se quoque fugit."

LXXXV. 7. "Alluding to the conduct of Solano, the governor of Cadiz, in May, 1809" (Byron). It was really in 1808, not 1809. Solano was a marquis, who welcomed the French into Spain, and was killed in an insurrection.

LXXXVI. 2. **never free.** Allusion to despotism of Spanish kings.

3. **kingless** at this time, because both Charles and his son Ferdinand were prisoners in France.

nerveless. Nerve is here used in its older sense of sinew. Lat. *nervi.*

9. **War to the knife.** The "answer to the French general at the siege of Saragoza" (Byron).

LXXXVII. 4. **act.** Unusual modern use of act, common in earlier English—put in motion, bring about. In the phrase *is acting, acting* is really a gerundive use. The tea is making, *sc.* a-making, in making. *Is acting* = is being acted.

LXXXVIII. 3. The allusion is to Guerilla war, and its effects on national life.

4. **dogs and vulture.** Cp. Pope's *Iliad*, i. 596:

> "Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore
> Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore."

7. **blood's unbleaching stain.** Cp. *Macbeth*, II. ii. 60:

> "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red."

and v. i. 34 and 44:

> "Out, damned spot."
>
> "What, will these hands never be clean?"

LXXXIX. 2. **adown,** prep., and older form of 'down,' and never quite obsolete.

5. **frees more.** The freedom of Spain will lead to the freeing of the rest of Europe from Napoleon.

7. **Columbia,** *sc.* America, as the land discovered by Columbus,—a poetical name.

Pizarro was the stern Spaniard, who overthrew the kingdom of the Incas in Peru, and began the Spanish rule in America. *Quito*, old capital of Peru, revolted from Spain in 1809 when Spain was attacked by France. Columbia was the name assumed, ten years later, by the new nation established in South America.

9. **parent clime,** Spain.

XC. 1. **Talavera.** See above, xxxix.

Albuera, xliii.

2. **Barossa** (not far from Cadiz). The battle was fought in 1811.

marvels, *sc.* of English bravery.

6. **breathe,** *sc.* draw breath, rest.

8. **Frank,** for French. See II. lxvii. 8, note.

9. **stranger-tree,** as properly belonging to America. The French adopted the idea in 1790.

XCI. 1. **my friend.** "The Honourable John Wingfield, of the Guards, who died of a fever at Coimbra. I had known him ten years, the better half of his life and the happiest part of mine" (Byron). Wingfield was at Harrow with Byron.

XCII. 1. **earliest.** His mother. *Esteem'd* is not a strong word, used of his mother. He had first written 'beloved.'

XCIII. 1. **fytte,** archaic word for 'fit,' used in the sense of canto.

4. **moe,** archaic for 'more.' It is used by Shakspere as a plural, *i.e.* as comparative of 'many'; 'more' is comparative of 'much.'

8. **Eld,** antiquity. The word, now obsolete, is used by Chaucer and Shakspere.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I. 1. **blue-eyed**, the old but incorrect translation of Homer's γλαυκῶπις. It is rather 'owl-eyed,' and so 'with gleaming eyes.'

maid of heaven, Athene. Byron appeals to her almost as if she were a muse, because she is the goddess of Athens.

2. Athene was the goddess of wisdom, therefore she has not inspired poetry.

3. **thy temple.** The Parthenon at Athens. Παρθένος is Greek for maid.

4. The Parthenon was hurt when Athens was held by the Turks against the Venetians. The siege took place in 1687, and the Turks kept powder in the Acropolis, on which the Parthenon stands. Part "was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the siege" (Byron).

II. 1. **Ancient of days.** A biblical expression applied to God, *Dan.* vii. 9. It is bad taste of the poet to apply it to Athens.

Athene, *sc.* Athens, the city. So also in vii. 1 and xii. 6.

7. **sophist**: not used here in a bad sense but philosopher.

stole, Greek στολή, a dress, a robe. Originally a woman's indoor dress, it was long, even to the ground and flowing. The ecclesiastical stole is a long narrow scarf with fringed ends.

III. 1. **Son of the morning.** D. strangely says "the sun," quoting *Is.* xvi. 12, but that is "Lucifer, son of the morning," not the sun but the morning star. It really means here an Oriental, a Turk. In German *Morgenland* is the East.

6. **'Twas Jove's.** It should be not Jupiter but Zeus. In Byron's day as for many a year before (Cp. A. V., *Acts*, xiv. 12, xvii. 22, xix. 34) the Greek gods and goddesses were called by the names of the corresponding Roman deity. Jove is from the oblique cases of Lat. *Jupiter*.

IV. 4. **being**, pres. part., having once existed thou would'st wish to live again.

8. **weigh**, ponder, consider.

9. **homilies**, Greek ὁμιλία, living together, hence intercourse, hence instruction, especially used of a sermon.

V. 8. **a god**, 2 *Cor.* vi. 16, "Ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them" (D.).

VI. 1. Meditation on a skull. Cp. *Hamlet*, v. i., Hamlet's reflections on the skull of Yorick. No doubt Byron had the passage in his mind.

5. **lack-lustre.** Cp. Shaks. *A. Y. L. I.* II. vii. 21, "looking on it with lack-lustre eye."

6 and 8. Notice the alliteration.

VII. 1. **Athena's wisest son**, Socrates.

Athena, probably Athens. It may however be the goddess, Athene.

7. **Acheron**, one of the rivers in the Infernal Regions, best remembered by aid of the mnemonic line: "Styx, Acheron, Lethe, Phlegethon, Cocytus, Avernus."

9. The beautiful lines on Huxley's tomb illustrate this:

"And if there be no meeting past the grave,
If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest;
Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
For God still giveth His beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep He wills—so best."

VIII. 2. **sable**, black, gloomy.

3. **The Sadducee**, *Acts*, xxiii. 8, "For the Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit."

4. **sophists**, here in a bad sense (cp. ii. 7).

9. **Bactrian sage**, Zoroaster, born in Bactriana (mod. Balkh). He probably lived about 500 B.C., perhaps three centuries earlier: founder of the Magian religion, the distinctive doctrine of which was the conflict between Ormuzd the good and Ahriman the evil principle. Fire was the symbol of the former.

Samian sage, Pythagoras (sixth century B.C.). He taught the doctrine of transmigration of souls.

IX. 1. **Thou**, Who? Not a male friend as some think, but as D. says, "the mysterious person whom he celebrated and wept under the name of Thyrza." There is no verb to *Thou*, but it is easy to supply one.

X. 3. **Saturn.** Strictly this should be Kronos.

9. **Moslem**, sing., same as Mussulman (of which the plural is Mussulmans), a Mohammedan, the name used by the Mohammedans of themselves. They do not call themselves Mohammedans. The names come from an Arabic verb meaning 'to submit': whence also Islam (= Mohammedanism) and salaam (to bow reverentially).

XI. 2. **Pallas**, another name for Athene. See i. 1 ; also I. liv. 9, note.

5. The Earl of Elgin was a Scotsman. When Ambassador in Turkey he had obtained permission from a Turkish pasha to carry off certain marbles (bas-reliefs) from the Parthenon. At a little later date he sold the "Elgin marbles" to the nation for £35,000. They are now in the British Museum. There can be little doubt that Lord Elgin deserves the reprobation which Byron heaps upon him, here and in a special poem called "The Curse of Minerva." His workmen moreover were grossly careless and did unnecessary harm to the buildings of the Parthenon. But the question more recently raised whether there is now a moral obligation on the British nation to restore the Marbles is not so clear. In the Museum they are carefully tended.

Caledonia. Roman name for part of North Britain, in modern times used as a poetical name for Scotland. Cp. Scott :

"Hail Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child."

The name looks as if it had a Greek origin, but is assuredly Keltic, though it is not certain what the meaning is. It may have meant a woody shelter, or thistle stalks.

9. "The ship was wrecked in the Archipelago" (Byron).

XII. 1. **modern Pict.** The Picts were barbarous and piratical inhabitants of Scotland in early times. Byron's friend Hobhouse said about Lord Elgin: "Quod non fecerunt Goti, hoc fecerunt Scoti." This is an adaptation of what was said of a noble family at Rome: "Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecere Barberini."

XIV. 1. **Ægis**, the shield of Zeus, connected with *ἀίσσω*, 'to move violently.' "In works of Art the ægis appears on the statues of Athena, not as a shield, but as a sort of short cloak, covered with scales, set with the Gorgon's head and fringed with snakes" (Liddell and Scott).

2. Alaric, King of the Goths, invaded Greece, 496 A.D. He afterwards invaded Italy, three times besieged, and on the third occasion sacked Rome. "One of the advocates of expiring Paganism has confidently asserted that the walls of Athens were guarded by the goddess Minerva, with her formidable Ægis, and by the angry phantom of Achilles [Peleus' son], and that the conqueror was dismayed by the presence of the hostile deities of Greece"—Gibbon, chap. 30 (Smith's Milman's edit. vol. iv., p. 27).

Havoc. See I. xl. 9, note.

XVI. 1. Harold had been left in Spain, "the land of war and crimes."

XVII. 4. **tight**, nautical phrase, more usually 'taut.' Shaks. *Tempest*, v. i. 224, "tight and yare and bravely rigged."

5. Leaving Cadiz on a frigate. Byron was the grandson of a famous sailor. See *Introd.*

7. **convoy**, merchant ships sailing in war time under protection of a man-of-war.

like wild swans. Virg. *Æn.* i. 393,

"Aspice bis senos lætantes agmine cygnos."

8. **wearing bravely**, making a fine display. *Wearing* has a technical nautical sense, but Byron is not so using the word here. *Brave* is used as a term of praise, as applied to men 'courageous.' The Scotch *braw* in the sense of 'finely dressed,' 'gay,' 'handsome,' for a while (sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) appeared in English. *Brave* is used in this sense by Shakspere and Milton. Used in modern poetry as a literary revival.

XVIII. 2. **well-reeved.** To *reeve* is to pass the end of a rope through a hole or ring (nautical term).

canopy. See I. lxi. 8, note, "To prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action" (Byron).

5. **boatswain**, pronounced 'bosun.'

XIX. 4. **chieftain**, the captain of the ship.

XX. 3. **pennant-bearer.** The pennant or pennon is a small flag, the sign that the admiral or commodore is on board. It is from Lat. *penna*, a feather.

XXI. 5. **Arion**, a Greek musician, thrown into the sea by mariners who coveted his treasures, and, according to the story, saved by a dolphin, whom his music had charmed.

XXII. 1. **Calpe**, the ancient name of the Rock of Gibraltar.

4. **Hecate**, here a dissyllable as in Shakspere. It stands for the moon. The threefold goddess, Diana on earth, Luna in heaven, and Hecate or Proserpine in the nether world.

8. **Mauritania**, Latin name for Morocco.

XXIV. 1. **laving**, means 'washing': it cannot properly be used as it is here for 'being washed.'

2. **Dian.** See xxii. 4, note.

XXV. 2. **To slowly trace**, an early instance of what is known to modern critics as "the split infinitive."

XXVI. 2. **denizen**, from O. Fr. *deinzein*, within. The noun was originally synonymous with citizen, not a foreigner; then by restriction: "one who lives habitually in a country, but is not a native-born citizen; a foreigner admitted to residence and

certain rights in a country ; in the law of Great Britain, an alien admitted to citizenship by royal letters patent, but incapable of inheriting or holding any public office" (*H.E.D.*).

5. **minions.** See I. xliv. 1, note.

XXVII. 1. **Eremite.** See I. iv. 9, note.

2. **Athos** is strictly the name of the mountain peak which terminates the easternmost of three peninsulas that stretch down into the Archipelago like the outspread fingers of a hand. The name is, however, often applied to the whole peninsula, which is now called from it Hagion Oros (sacred mountain), for it is famous for the monasteries built on it, which are very ancient and numerous. "Lonely Athos" is the mountain itself, which, being very lofty, is seen at sea long before the lower land is visible.

6. **wistful.** Sk. says used in the sense of wishful, an O.E. word which it has supplanted. The usual explanation, he adds, as from *wist*, 'I knew' (pret.) or 'known' (p.p.), is "stark nonsense." Knewful ! Knownful !

XXIX. 1. **Calypso's isles.** "Gozo is said to have been the island of Calypso," (Byron), *i.e.* Homer's Ogygia. 'Isles' means Malta and Gozo. Calypso was a nymph, who, being in love with Odysseus, detained him seven years in Ogygia.

6. **mortal bride.** Penelope, the wife of Odysseus.

8. **Mentor.** In the *Odyssey* the goddess Athene took the shape of Mentor, but this story is not from Homer but from Fenelon's *Télémaque*. To tear Telemachus away from the attractions of Calypso, Mentor urged him to this 'dreadful leap.'

XXX. 5. **Florence.** Mrs. Spencer Smith, whom Byron met at Malta. He addressed several poems to her.

XXXI. 7. **the boy.** Cupid.

XXXII. 2. **still**, ever, always. As in Shakspere.

XXXIV. 1. **kens**, knows. O. Eng. and Modern Scotch.

6. **tropes**, used here loosely = metaphors.

XXXV. 1. **approves**, proves.

7. **kindly cruel.** "What does cruel agree with ?" says D., "not with Hope, but with the logical subject not expressed, fate which betrays our hopes." It is not grammatical.

8. **it**, refers to the disappointment,—again not in accordance with grammar.

XXXVI. 7. **Utopia.** A name coined by Sir Thomas More as the title of his book, οὐ, not, and τόπος, a place. Hence, Nowhere. His book is about an ideal commonwealth.

7. **ared**, p.p. from *aread*, an archaic verb, meaning properly to 'declare,' 'make known': later, to 'divine,' to 'guess.' It is really a compound of 'read' or 'rede,' the first meaning of which was 'advise,' cf. Ethelred the unready, *sc.* the man of noble counsel who had no counsel, Alfred, the German *Rath.*

XXXVIII. 1. **Land of Albania**, that part of Turkey which lies on the east of the Adriatic, south of Montenegro. The southern part of it was the ancient Epirus.

"**Iskander** is the Turkish word for Alexander" (Byron). This is Alexander the Great.

3. **his namesake**, Scanderbeg, which means Lord Alexander, in Turkish. 'Beg' in Turkish means 'prince,' 'governor' now pronounced as *bey*, and generally so written. "I do not know whether I am correct in making Scanderbeg the countryman of Alexander, who was born at Pella, in Macedon, but Mr. Gibbon terms him so, and adds Pyrrhus to the list in speaking of his exploits" (Byron). The following is the passage in Gibbon, chapter 67 (vol. viii., p. 138). "The enthusiasm of chivalry and religion has ranked him with the names of Alexander and Pyrrhus; nor would they blush to acknowledge their intrepid countryman; but his narrow dominion and slender powers must leave him at an humble distance below the heroes of antiquity, who triumphed over the East and the Roman legions." Pella, however, is certainly not in Albania, though the mother of Alexander the Great was of the royal family of Epirus.

George Castriot was the real name of Scanderbeg. The son of a Christian Prince of Albania, he was a hostage for his father, was brought up as a Turk, and became a great soldier in command of Turks. He then revolted from the Sultan with success. "An able champion of independence" (Gibbon). He was very brave and enforced severe discipline. In 1467 he died a fugitive at Venice, and in great distress.

7. **descends**, 'is no longer seen.'

minaret, a tall slender tower connected with a mosque, usually surrounded by balconies from which the muezzin summons the people to prayer. Arabic *minār*, a lighthouse.

9. **ken**, range of sight. To 'ken,' Old English, preserved in modern Scotch, for to 'know.'

XXXIX. 1. **barren spot**, Ithaca.

3. **the mount.** Leucadia is an island, now Santa Maura. The name comes from the white appearance of the southern promontory (λευκός, white), from which Sappho is said to have thrown herself.

5. **Sappho**, very famous Greek poetess of Mitylene in Lesbos. It was her hopeless love for Phaon that made her fling herself from the rock.

5. **dark**, mysterious.

immortal. It is a question whether this is an adjective agreeing with verse, or an adverb, 'save so as to make immortal.'

XL. 5. **Actium.** Augustus defeated Antony, B.C. 31.

Lepanto. Don John of Austria defeated the Ottoman Turks, A.D. 1571. See IV. xiv. 8.

Trafalgar. Nelson defeated France and Spain, 1805.

fatal, because Nelson fell.

Trafalgár. Byron always places the accent on the last syllable, which is the old and correct pronunciation (cf. IV. clxxxi. 9), not as men now say 'Trafálgar Square,' or ''Twas in Trafálgar's Bay.'

XLI. 4. **or deemed he felt.** "The distrust of his own feeling is characteristic" (R.). Whatever Byron may say, he is always stirred by great battles, *e.g.* Waterloo, in III. xxv. 19.

XLII. 2. **Suli**, mountain range just to the north of the Gulf of Arta, in the south of Epirus.

8. **wilder men**, *sc.* than the beasts of prey.

XLIII. 3. **shore unknown.** "Of Albania, Gibbon remarks that a country 'within sight of Italy is less known than the interior of America'" (Byron).

XLIV. 1. **red cross.** Cf. I. xxxv. 8.

2. **circumcised**, Mohammedans.

XLV. 1. **Ambracia's gulf.** Gulf of Arta, formerly *Ambracius Sinus.* Nicopolis and Actium are at the mouth of it.

XLV. 2. **woman**, Cleopatra. Byron follows the account of the battle which says that the battle was lost because Cleopatra's ships fled and Antony followed her.

4. "It is said that on the day previous to the Battle of Actium Antony had 13 kings at his levee" (Byron).

6. **second Cæsar's trophies.** Nicopolis (City of Victory) was built by Cæsar to commemorate his victory. It is now in ruins.

8. **anarchs**, a word coined by Milton on the model of 'monarch,' for an author of anarchy, one whose rule is little better than anarchy (*P.L.* ii. 988).

XLVI. 2. **Illyria's vale.** Ancient Illyricum came much further south than the modern Illyria, which lies north-east of the Adriatic.

6. **Tempe**, a valley in the north-east of Thessaly, between Olympus and Ossa, the valley of the river Peneius. The word is plural in Greek, τὰ Τέμπη, contracted from Τέμπεα.

It was celebrated for its beauty, but praised chiefly by those who had not seen it, as Virgil and Ovid. The scenery is marked by wild grandeur rather than sylvan beauty. Byron had not visited it.

XLVII. 1. **Acherusia's lake**, the lake of Yanina, but this is not the ancient Acherusia.

2. **primal**, evidently used here for capital, as the primal city is Yanina. The word is used twice by Shakspere, and both times in the sense of 'original.'

"It hath the primal eldest curse upon it" (*Hamlet*, III. iii. 37).

4. **Albania's chief.** Ali Pasha. See lxii. 5, note. Byron was at Yanina in October, 1809.

7. **mountain-band**, the Suliotes.

XLVIII. 1. **Zitza.** "The convent and village of Zitza are four hours' journey from Yanina. ... The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece" (Byron).

XLIX. 6. **caloyer.** "The Greek monks are so called" (Byron). "Especially of the order of St. Basil" (*H.E.D.*). The modern Greek is *caloger*, *sc.* καλός, 'good,' and γηρος, 'old, good in old age, venerable.' In Italian the *g* becomes *i*, *caloiero*. Byron's accents fall correctly on first and third syllables, 'cál-oy-ér.' So *Giaour*, 786, "How name ye yon lone Caloyer?"

LI. 3. **Chimæra**, a town in Epirus. Its modern name is Chimāri. See song after lxxii. l. 9. The mountains are called Chimariot. They were formerly called Acroceraunia. Hor. *Od.* I. iii. 20, "Infames scopulos Acroceraunia." Ἄκρον is properly 'the promontory.'

6. **Acheron.** Byron adds in a note, "Now called Kalamas." The Kalamas, however, was not the Acheron, which was further south.

7. As one of the rivers of the Infernal Regions. See vii. 7, note.

8. This scene is so beautiful.

LII. 1. **Yanina.** Byron writes according to the pronunciation. The original name is Joannina, that is to say, 'the town of St. John.' The Albanians give *j* its German sound.

7. **capote**, "Albanese cloak" (Byron); but the word is not Albanian (as we now say), but French, being properly a diminutive of *cape*, whereas it is used for "a long shaggy cloak or overcoat with a hood, worn by soldiers, sailors, travellers" (*H.E.D.*); "shaggy capote," *v.* 2, *l.* 2.

9. Thunder-storms are very frequent in that region.

LIII. 1. **Dodona.** The site of Dodona has been discovered by excavations; it lies to the south of Yanina.

There were three ways of consulting the oracles : (1) sound of the leaves of the oaks ; (2) splashing of the fountain ; (3) tones of a bubbling cauldron.

LIV. 4. **yclad.** This form can only be that of the past participle. Byron has apparently used it for the preterite.

dye. Byron spelt 'die.'

LV. 1. **Tomerit,** anciently Tomarus. As it lies north-east of Tepalen, it is difficult to see how the sun could set behind it.

2. **Laos.** "The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it ; and immediately above Tepaleen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster ; at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller. In the summer it must be much narrower. It certainly is the finest river in the Levant ; neither Achelous, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty" (Byron). The poet in this note uses the term Levant as loosely as the conjunction 'neither.' But it is still more extraordinary that he has given the river that he is describing a name unknown to others. Its ancient name was Aous, its modern, Viosa, and it is not certain why Byron called it Laos. D. says it is Aos with the Italian article *l'Aos.*

6. **Tepalen(i),** a ruined city, the birthplace and residence of Ali. His palace is now a mass of ruins.

LVI. 7. **santon,** "a Turkish priest, a kind of dervise, regarded by people as a saint" (*The Guardian,* No. 148). The word is Spanish, and derived from the Latin *sanctus.* It was applied by Spaniards and Italians to Mohammedan priests generally.

LVII. 4. **corridore.** Byron's spelling suggests that the word is of Italian origin, "that which runs round."

LVIII. 1. **kirtled.** Kirtle is probably a diminutive of skirt, a sort of gown or petticoat, but used vaguely. The word in earlier English is often used for a woman's petticoat.

5. **Delhi.** Byron gives a note : "horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope." The Turkish word *deli* properly means 'mad' ; hence "enfants perdus" (D.).

6. **glaive,** sword. Lat. *gladius.*

LIX. 7. **mosque,** Fr. from Span. from Arab.

8. **Muezzin,** Mohammedan crier of the hour of prayer.

LX. 1. **Ramazani.** "During the month of Ramadan, from the rising to the setting of the sun, the Mussulman abstains from eating and drinking and baths and perfumes, from all nourishment that can restore his strength, from all pleasure that can gratify his senses. In the revolution of the lunar year the Ramadan coincides by turns with the winter cold and the summer

heat: and the patient martyr without assuaging his thirst with a drop of water must expect [wait for] the close of a tedious and sultry day" (Gibbon, chap. i.). It falls eleven days earlier each year, and therefore in thirty-three years goes round the seasons. In 1809 it began on October 10.

LXII. 5. **Ali** Pasha, surnamed the Lion, was born in 1741 at Tepaleni (I. v. 6, note), of which place his ancestors had been chief (*bey*), but his father lost the position. His mother's influence goaded him to strive to recover it. He turned chief of a gang of robbers and recovered it; then accepted authority from the Turkish Government. He seized Yanina in 1788, and some ten years later Napoleon sent him French engineers to fortify it. Practically he was an independent ruler of Albania for more than thirty years. A man of great ability and force, but cunning and inconceivably cruel. Yet Byron described him as "one of the mildest persons I ever saw." Victor Hugo's "Le Derviche" in *Les Orientales* refers to Ali's combination of gentleness and ferocity. Ali met the fate the poet predicts for him (lxiii., end). The Sultan, long jealous and distrustful, sent an order for his execution, and he was killed in his own palace (1822).

LXIII. 3. **Hafiz**, a Persian lyric poet of the fourteenth century. He has been called the Persian Anacreon and the Persian Horace.

4. **the Teian.** Anacreon, born in Teos, a Greek lyric poet, flourished about 510 B.C. He wrote in praise of love and wine.

sooth, O.E. truth.

8. **blood.** Suggested by *Macbeth*, III. iv. 122: "It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood."

LXIV. 5. **retreat**, *sc.* from the city's noise.

LXVI. 8. **fellow-countrymen.** "Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall" (Byron).

LXVII. 1. Byron was nearly wrecked.

8. **Frank**, name given by Mohammedans to all Western Europeans. The history of the name Frank is interesting. Taken from their own word for 'javelin,' it was first applied to the Teutons, who, in the sixth century over-ran Gaul, and from whom that country obtained the name of France, though for a long time the names France and French were only applied to the small province round Paris, strictly called "Ile de France." The dialect and the influence of this province prevailed over the rest, and the name spread. The preponderance of French Crusaders, especially in the Conquest of Constantinople (see lxxvii.), gave this form of the French name a wider range still, as the Easterns, unable to distinguish among the various Western nations, gave to them all the name of the most prominent. An Arabic termination added to an adaptation of the word, produced 'Feringhee,' the form most used in India.

LXIX. 3. Banditti were dangerous on the mountain passes.

8. **white Achelous' tide.** "The modern name of the Achelous, Aspropotamo means *white river*" (T.).

LXX. 1. **Utraikey**, a place on the Gulf of Asia, where Byron spent a night with his guard of fifty Albanians.

LXXI. 3. **ygazed**, archaic past participle.

Aghast is not from gaze, though *h* has no business in the word. There was an old verb *agast*, to frighten; the *h* was inserted from a supposed connection with *ghost* as the frightener.

7. **Palikar.** "Shortened, when addressed to a single person, from Παλικάρι, a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanese who speak Romaic; it means properly 'a lad'" (Byron).

V. 1, *l.* 1. **Tambourgi**, a drummer. Fr. *tambour*, a drum. The Turkish termination *gi* means an active agent, and is here added to the French word.

l. 4. **Chimariot.** See li. 3, note.

Suliote. See xlii. 2, note.

The metre is anapæstic with variations, especially in first line of each verse. An anapæst has two unaccented syllables followed by an accented syllable.

V. 2, *l.* 2. **camese**, a white tunic, Fr. *chemise* (only in a changed sense), Lat. *camisia*, Ital. *camice*. The Camisards were French Protestants of the south-east, who rose in early part of eighteenth century. They wore white smocks. "Camisole" is the modern word for a "strait waistcoat.'

capote. Cf. lii. 7.

V. 3, *l.* 1. Allusion to the blood feuds, very like those of Corsica. See Mérimée's *Colomba*.

V. 5, *l.* 1. **Parga**, a seaport near Suli. Byron's companion, Hobhouse, gives an account of the scene. He gives the burden (chorus) of the song as "Robbers all at Parga."

V. 8, *l.* 1. **Previsa**, taken by Ali in 1798 (eleven years before this visit) from the French, who had gained it by treaty in the previous year. Notice the accent 'Prév-isa.' The second syllable is short.

V. 9, *l.* 4. **Pashaw.** The spelling gives the right pronunciation.

V. 10, *l.* 1. **Muchtar**, Ali's son, who was sent against the Russians who were invading the Turkish provinces.

l. 2. **Giaours**, pronounced 'djour'; Turkish word meaning 'infidel.' No insult in it now as applied to a Christian. Byron wrote a poem called *The Giaour*.

horsetail, badge of a Pasha.

V. 10, *l.* 3. **Delhis.** See lviii. 5, note.

V. 11, 1. **selictar,** the sword-bearer of a Turkish officer. The Turkish word comes from the Persian *silahdar*, of which the last syllable is Persian, and means 'having'; the earlier part is Arabic, and means 'arms.'

LXXIII. 1. Here begin reflections on Greece, lasting for twenty stanzas, the most poetical part of the canto. Byron added a long note, which is not given in this edition.

7. **Thermopylæ,** a pass between the mountains and the sea.

9. **Eurotas,** river, on the banks of which Sparta was built. Those who fell at Thermopylæ were Spartans.

LXXIV. 1. **Phyle,** a strong fortress on a steep rock on the road from Theba to Athens. It is important in Greek history as the place first seized by Thrasybulus when he began to *free* Athens from the Thirty Tyrants (404 B.C.). His effort was successful. "From Fort Phyle, of which large remains still exist, the Plain of Athens, Pentelicus, Hymettus, the Ægean, and the Acropolis burst upon the eye at once; in my opinion a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Stamboul" (Byron).

6. **carle,** properly a Danish word, answering to the English *churl*, a man of the common people, and then a fellow of rude manners. The archaic form *carle*, and the feminine *carline*, 'an old woman,' are still used in Scotland.

LXXVI. Byron's aspirations for Greek liberty, for which later he gave his life. In 1829 the independence of Greece was formally recognised by the Treaty of Adrianople.

7. **Helots,** the serfs of the Spartans.

LXXVII. 1. **The city,** Constantinople. The ancient name was Byzantium. Constantine re-named it, and made it the city of the Eastern, sometimes called the Lower, Empire. It was captured by the Turks in 1453. The name 'Stamboul' is said to be made out of *ἐς τὴν πόλιν*.

3. **Serai,** the palace of the Sultan. It is a Persian word that has passed into Turkish, meaning a resting place, and then a palace or grand edifice. *Caravanserai* is the rest-house where the caravan stops. It is not the same word as *seraglio*, a place of confinement for Turkish women, which is Italian *serraglio*, an enclosure, from Latin *sera*, a bar.

4. **Frank, her former guest.** Allusion to Latin Conquest and occupation of Constantinople, 1204-1261 A.D. The Crusaders were diverted from their true purpose, the rescue of the Holy Land, to an attack on Constantinople.

5. **Wahab's rebel brood.** "Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing"

(Byron). Mecca in 1803, Medina in 1806. The Wahabees are called after an Arab sheikh named Wahab, and they held strongly to the view that there was a danger lest Mohammed as a man should be worshipped. On this account they robbed his tomb at Medina. They held strictly and fanatically by the teaching of the Korau, and have been called the Puritans of Mohammedanism. The sect has long now been dwindling.

LXXVIII. 1. **lenten days**, *sc.* the month Ramadan. See above lx. 1.

6. **joyaunce.** See I. xxx. 3, note.

7. **pleasaunce.** See I. xxiii. 8, note.

9. **Carnival.** Popular etymology has been so long busy with this word, that it is as well to state that it is now certain that the word is from Ital. *carne levare*, the putting away of flesh.

LXXIX. 1. **whose**, *sc.* whose carnival.

2. **Stamboul.** See above lxxvii. 1, note.

3. **Sophia**, wisdom. Santa Sophia, sacred wisdom, or the Holy Ghost. The Christian cathedral is now a Turkish mosque.

LXXX. 5. **Queen of tides**, the moon.

LXXXI. 1. **caïque**, Turkish *kaik*. Byron gave the French spelling. A light and graceful skiff, propelled by one or more rowers, much used on the Bosporus.

LXXXII. 3. **searment**, a wrong spelling for 'cerement.' The word is from Lat. *cera*, wax. Cerements are properly waxed wrappings for the dead: used loosely for any grave-clothes, a winding-sheet, a shroud.

LXXXIII. 8. **record**, accent on second syllable.

LXXXIV. 1. **Lacedemon**, more usually *daemon*, *i.e.* 'when brave men like the ancient Spartans rise, when Thebes again rears an Epaminondas.'

LXXXV. 1. A stanza of unusual elevation.

3. "On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura (Parnassus), the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer; but I never saw it lie on the plains even in the winter" (Byron).

LXXXVI. 2. **cave**, "of Mount Pentelicus, from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens" (Byron).

brethren of the cave, dug from the same quarry.

3. **Tritonia**, a name of Athene.

4. **Colonna**, formerly Sunium, the southern promontory of Attica. It is called Colonna from the ruined columns of the temple of Athene.

LXXXVII. 3. **Minerva**, rather Pallas Athene. See iii. 6, n. The olives were sacred to Athene.

8. **Mendeli**, modern name of Pentelicus. See lxxxvi. 2. *r* has changed to *n*.

LXXXVIII. 9. **Athena's tower.** Athene was Minerva in the last stanza. The tower is the Parthenon. This is perhaps the worst instance of Byron's habit of calling any large building a tower. Look at any picture of the Parthenon.

LXXXIX. 8. **which utter'd**, absolute construction.

XC. 3. **Mountains.** Cp. Byron's *Isles of Greece*:

> "The mountains look on Marathon –
> And Marathon looks on the sea;
> And standing there an hour alone,
> I dreamt that Greece might still be free."

9. **rude stranger**, the excavator.

XCI. 3. **Ionian blast**, wind from the Ionian Sea.

XCIII. 1. This part was added after Byron's return to England.

8. Based on the Fifth Commandment.

XCIV. 2. **idlesse** for idleness is a mistaken archaism. The word is not in Johnson's *Dictionary*; besides it is incorrectly formed, a French termination (seen in Old English *noblesse*, *largess*, *riches*) being tacked to a purely English root.

XCV. 1. **Thou.** Cp. ix. and note.

3, 4. **did** and **shrank**, for didst and shrankst. Unjustifiable grammar.

XCVI. 6. **The parent.** His mother, who died shortly after Byron's return to England.

friend = a Cambridge friend named Matthews, who was drowned in the Cam.

more than friend, Thyrza. See ix. 1, note.

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